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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell. Edited by William Beattie, M.D., one of his Executors. 3 vols. 8vo. Moxon.

FROM our knowledge, we hope we may say intimate knowledge, of most of the parties interested in this biography—the poet, the friendly editor, and, latterly, much of the various persons and circumstances referred to in the narrative, we were prepared to expect an earnest and conscientious work, and to check it if it did not fulfil that expectation. But it is what we thought it would be—truly a labour of love, and one well becoming of the worthy individual who has thus perpetuated, in volumes which will last in our literature, his living connexion with Thomas Campbell. They say that poets seldom have friends, Campbell, though sufficiently wayward and irritable, had the good fortune to number many in his career, and not one more valuable to him, if so valuable, as Dr. Beattie. Himself a man of artistic tastes, and not fruitlessly addicted to the muse, he was just the person to form an ardent attachment to Campbell. He thus became his counsellor, his friend, (how much is in that word when real!) and his physician. We make our climax advisedly; for we believe that under the last term we include counsellor and friend also to a comprehension of the three in one, who added essentially to Campbell's comforts through years of his life, prolonged them, advised and carried most beneficial restraints, and, finally, soothed the dying hours of him to whom Pleasure was extinct, and Hope at an end. William Beattie's name ought never to be forgotten when Thomas Campbell's name is remembered. And let us add—for these things may not come from other channels—his wife, Mrs. Beattie, who did not live long after tending the death-bed of the Poet at Boulogne, and her amiable sister, were also of the good Samaritans who contributed largely to Campbell's health and enjoyments when the world's buffets and sorrows impaired the one and poisoned the other.

Dr. Beattie has initiated us into the privacies of his subject; and we consider that we have a right, on his own example, to go thus far in invading them; his left hand doing what his right hand never seemed to know. Who did the good by stealth, and who need not blush to find it fame, we have recorded.

For a true friend is a rare character. We have said that Campbell met with many friends; and so he did. But there is a curious medley in these matters; and the compendency of what may be called a Circle of Friends is one of the most anomalous conditions in the whole phase of social life. Let us take the poet, or other individual of some celebrity. He enumerates among his dear friends (that is, till he wants them) the pseudo patrons of genius, who fancy that some of its brilliancy is reflected on their own paltry glitter;—the heedless herd of rank or wealth, who are glad to link their names with that of the popular idol of the hour;—the genuine admirers of the bard?—a few with means and inclinations to serve him; but the great majority rather worse off than himself. Women; publishers, with their own interests, at least, also to attend to; people you have served; parasites, and empty pates; the remora of every being who raises himself above the common herd; boon companions, who would today toast you till Echo was sick; to leave the man, if a human creature is fortunate enough, the John Richardsons and Dr. Beatties, and one or two others, to prove that miserable vanity and more miserable selfishness are not the masks which the

world presents as the real features of the profaned title of Friend. Tom Campbell was luckier than most men; and the reason is not philosophically explained by his kindly biographer. It was, what he in his partiality glosses over, Campbell's weaknesses, and even follies, that made him (some, God forbid we should say all of) his "friends." The idea of self-superiority in any particular, whether well or ill founded, has a prodigious effect in these matters. Poor A. B. is poor, I am rich; poor A. B. is foolish, I am wise; poor A. B. is extravagant, I am prudent; poor A. B. has been unsuccessful, how prosperous I have been! These—Heaven save the mark!—are A. B.'s friends. But there are better; and the few redeem the taint of the many. The heart is a nobler divinity than the purse. A man with foibles has more attachments to him than a man of indomitable power of mind. It is in human nature to love the weak, and to keep aloof from the strong. Where success attends the latter, it is worship, Carlyle's Hero-dolatriy?

We must get off our preaching, and to the work. It is necessary to state—not that we care so much—who were the parents and relatives of the author of the "Pleasures of Hope;" and the tale has been often printed, though not so fully as by Dr. Beattie. Campbell's "forbears" were, it seems, a clan branch of the Argyll sept, height of Kirnan, and his grandmother was a Stuart; we have no doubt, much to the advantage of the succeeding blood, for it must have been what the cattle-show people last week praised so much, an excellent cross. His uncle was a respectable Grub-street of the days of Walpole, and wrote the life of Argyll; and was left, as usual, to die in penury. Nearly all the rest of the preceding generation of his family were mercantile, and settled in the United States. Tom was the youngest of eleven children; and his mother a notable woman. She produced nine bairns between 1757 and 1770, i. e., in thirteen years, and then took seven years to produce a Daniel in 1773 and a Poet in 1777. The father lived to be ninety-one and the mother seventy-six. He was an easy fond-hearted man, reduced from wealth as a Glasgow merchant by the breaking out of the American war, and she, as we have remarked, a notable wife, who cuffed the children, and was not to be contradicted or contravened with impunity. Tom was certainly *poeta nascitur*, and from his earliest efforts, Dr. Beattie has followed him closely and minutely to the last. This is what we want, and though it may be somewhat minute in parts, we hardly see how we could do without these traits to complete the whole-length portrait. He was educated at Glasgow College, of which he was afterwards thrice Lord Rector, and displayed poetic and classic talents of a distinguished order. A journey to Edinburgh, where he witnessed Gerald's trial for treason, is stated to have had a powerful effect upon his youthful mind, (age sixteen.) His enthusiasm for liberty, the French revolution, the Polish struggle, and other historical events, might date its confirmed fervour from this era. At the age of seventeen, he resided for a season, as a tutor, in the Isle of Mull; whence returning, he finished his fifth and last season in college, and then played the tutor again at Downie; but we do not hear any more of his pupils, though not a little of his loves for their cousins, sisters, or other lovable girls there or thereabouts. He was always a very inflammable subject.

Tutoring was horrible to a poetic temperament; but Campbell's resources were limited; and, consequently, his views could only be cherished to be disappointed. He tried to enter a course for the Scotch bar; but two or three hundred pounds were needed;

need we say, that these were far enough? And so, after scribbling in the copying of law-papers at so much per line for a bare livelihood, he turned to the frail crutch of literature for subsistence, and, luckily, got Dr. Anderson, (his first Beattie,) author of the lives of the poets, to be his adviser and friend. An. Dom. 1797, æt. 19, the biographer says here:—

"The real object for which he had travelled to Edinburgh was defeated: to anything in law, beyond the drudgery of a writer's office, he found it useless to aspire; and on the literary side, the bargain which he had just concluded with Mundell, was the only property on which he could calculate. Those who knew little of the difficulties with which he had to contend, charged him with being unsteady and capricious; but this charge, he has indignantly, and I think triumphantly, repelled. Had there been, at this distracting period, one generous and influential patron to have taken him by the hand, and given him an appointment under government, the Poet would have been happy;—but we should never have had 'The Pleasures of Hope.'"

"It deserves to be mentioned, as no mean proof of his economy, that during his short engagement in Mr. Whyt's office, small as the emolument must have been, he had saved a little money, with which he was now desirous to embark in a new literary speculation. In a letter to his friend Thomson, dated July 26, he reports himself returned to Glasgow, and adds:—'Well, I have fairly tried the business of an attorney, and, upon my conscience, it is the most accursed of all professions! Such meanness—such toil—such contemptible modes of pecuniating—were never moulded into one profession.' He then pronounces a hearty 'malediction on the law in all its branches.' 'It is true,' he adds, 'there are many emoluments; but, I declare to God, that I can hardly spend, with a safe conscience, the little sum I made during my residence in Edinburgh.'"

"All this is uttered under a bitter feeling of disappointment."

Mundell had agreed to give him 20l. for an abridged edition of Bryan Edwards's *West Indies*; and he then began to speculate on setting up a magazine—a sort of work to which he often resorted, and in which he never succeeded.

At this period, there was so little of promise, that he prepared to go to America, and try his fortune with his uncles there; but the booksellers' hack work sufficed for a maintenance, and he began his grand Essay. The history of the composition of the *Pleasures of Hope*, its being submitted to opinions, and the consequent corrections and revisions, the circulation of passages read in particular drawing-rooms, &c., &c., is very curious; no doubt, the desire to see it was stimulated to the utmost when, in 1797, April 27, this poem* was published, Mr. Mundell having paid for it 50l. in money and books, and "public curiosity having been studiously kept awake for some months, the demand for copies was unprecedented. Anticipation, which had run very high as to its merits, was fully justified by the perusal; and, when the youth of the Poet was consi-

* "The original manuscript of the poem is now in the possession of Mr. Patrick Maxwell of Edinburgh, whose admiration of the author gives him a 'prescriptive title' to the custody of so precious an autograph. It was formerly in the keeping of the late Dr. Murray, predecessor of oriental languages—who was one of Campbell's early acquaintances, and extends over twenty pages of manuscript, which may contain about four hundred lines. It consists of about forty or fifty paragraphs; and altogether scarcely amounts to one-half of what it now does. At the end of the Poem is 'The Irish Harper's Lament for his Dog'—tune the 'Nine links of yellow'—word for word as it is now printed under the title of 'The Harper's Lament.'"

Enlarged 185.]

dered, the mature strength and beauty of the poem struck every reader with surprise. He had suddenly emerged, it was said, "like a star from his obscurity; and, young as he was, had thrown a new and increasing light over the literary horizon of his country."

[We question if any young and unknown bard of our day could get 50 shillings.]

At this time, however, all was auspicious to the young poet. The fever in European antagonistic principles; the stirring activity and high tone of the Whig party, to which he belonged, at home; their rejoicing on the accession of such an ally; the merits of the poem itself—all contributed to an immediate triumph, such as has rarely, if ever, been witnessed in the annals of our poetic literature. The country rang with *The Pleasures of Hope*; and its most striking passages were quoted, set to music and sung, and trumpeted from every mouth of Fame between the Hebrides and the Land's End. Among others, Dr. Beattie speaks of "One of the lines—long familiar as household words,"—

"Like angel visits, few and far between;"

and observes that in "Blair's poem of the 'Grave,' the same sentiment is thus expressed—

"—visits,

Like those of angels, short and far between."

Burns has made use of nearly the same expression—

"Like the visits of good angels, short and far between."

But the thought first noticed in Blair, is not an improvement upon the original conception in Norris—

"How fading are the joys we dote upon,

Like apparitions seen and gone!

But those which soonest take their flight,

Are the most exquisite and strong.

Like angel's visits short and bright—

Mortality's too weak to bear them long."

Again, in the *Elegy* on his Niece, he says—

"Angels, as 'tis but seldom they appear,

So neither do they make long stay;

They do but visit and away!"

"It always appeared to be a singular oversight, both in Campbell and the able critics of that day, that a line in the 'Specimens of Translations from Medea,' several times repeated in the same specimen, should have been allowed to pass unnoticed through nine or ten editions of the poem. It occurs twice in one Chorus—'Watch the damned parricide.' Monstrous murderous parricide! still applying the same epithet to Medea, and rendering *παῖδοφόνου* and *παῖδοκίρῃ* [l. 1390, 1404.] in the sense of parricide. Many years afterwards this was pointed out, and in the late edition, Medea has recovered her original epithet, and instead of 'murderous parricide,' she is now what Euripides describes her—a 'foul Infanticide.'"

It seems also an oversight that Campbell's spoiling of the original idea should not only have passed uncorrected, but been repeated as a beauty; yet the alliterative substitution of the word "few" for "short," makes tautologous nonsense of a fine and complete image. If the angel's visits were few, they must, of necessity, have been far between; but their brevity is another ingredient, and adds greatly to the force of the idea.

The publication introduced the bard to all the then celebrities of Edinburgh, including not a few or far between who have since risen to the highest distinctions. Grahame, the author of *The Sabbath*; Dugald Stewart, William Erskine,* Thomas, afterwards Professor Brown, author of *The Paradise of Coquettes*; Leyden, Scott, Somerville, the landscape painter; Dr. Gregory, Mackenzie, the author of the *Man of Feeling*; Archibald Alison, the *Man of Taste*; Telford, the celebrated engineer; Henry Erskine, Lord Buchan, Laing, the historian; Jeffrey, Brougham, and others, whose acquaintance exercised much influence on all his after life. The account of him at

* Of him Campbell writes, "I think Erskine is the most unexceptionable young fellow of my acquaintance." As a poet he was known to his particular friends, though not to the public. He is the author of an anonymous poem, which has sometimes been ascribed to a late Judge of the same name. Among his exquisitely touching ballads we remember one, "The Valley again is overshadowed with gloom," one of the most pathetic of its "order." Ed. L. G.

this important epoch, by his companion, Somerville, who lodged in the same tenement in Rose-street, St. Andrew's-square, excites rather a painful feeling, for it shows how thin the partition was between the inspirations of the muse, and that to which great wit has been declared to be nearly allied. In truth, Campbell often verged upon this condition; and his intense sensitiveness, the excessive development of his organ of amativeness, (for he was always falling suddenly deeply or desperately in love with somebody or another,) his passion for beautiful babyhood, and his general excitability, showed how little would have been required to break down the partition to which we have alluded, and ruined that noble nature which was essentially his own.

The year after the appearance of his poem, he visited Germany, imbued with the love of republican progress, and imbuing that hatred to German governments, and especially to Russia, which so strongly marked his future public career. After his return home, Edinburgh, London, and Liverpool, divided his time; and the composition of some of his immortal ballads, and other literary pursuits, (including a new edition of "Hope,") brought him the needful support. He also married, and in 1804, had a son to inherit his name. In 1805, a pension of £200 a year was conferred upon him, at a time when his prospects were so gloomy, that, but for aid from Scott, (a loan of fifty guineas,) and a "munificent present from Lady Holland," conveyed to him by Sydney Smith, he must have been consigned to "a debtor's lodgings in the King's Bench." (Vol. ii, p. 69.) Indeed, his fortunes were always fluctuating, and few men knew more vicissitudes than Campbell, whose generosity to his family was a heavy drain upon him; and but for the sheet-anchor of the pension, it is not clear that he must not have sunk under the incumbrances which beset him. In 1808, "Gertrude of Wyoming" was published; but we will not follow up the thread of the author's literary occupations, for his "Lives of the Poets," "Life of Mrs. Siddons," editorship of magazines, and other drudgeries, are sufficiently known to all readers, and would be tedious to record. Dr. Beattie has traced them all minutely, and among his illustrations will be found many specimens hitherto unpublished, and very interesting variations in the most celebrated pieces, through which the author's tastes and refinements may be estimated. Dr. Beattie states that he was careless in composition, and especially in punctuation; but he this as it might, we can vouch for his excessive fastidiousness in polishing his verse. For instance, his biographer mentions his contribution of some lines which were recited at a public dinner (in 1815, we think), in aid of the subscription for the monument to Burns at Dumfries, Lord Aberdeen presiding.† We do not notice if Dr. Beattie has quoted this little gem of poetry; but we remember, that after it was printed, corrected and approved by Campbell on the eve of the day, he returned back to town from Sydenham, to alter a *which* into *that*, or *vice versa*. (See vol. ii, p. 307.)

We will now bring our remarks to a close. The entire character of Campbell is rather to be gathered from the casual intimations than the direct observations of his biographer. He details every circumstance he has been able (with most laudable industry) to collect; and he has seasoned the narrative with a multitude of pleasant anecdotes, which lighten the drier parts, and give a popular air to the whole. Campbell's letters are a still more interesting feature, and place the writer altogether in a very favourable light. There is a goodness and a frankness about them which is greatly to his honour; and the various tones, as ill fortune oppressed or good fortune elevated him, are struck on chords to which every feeling heart will respond.

We could add some amusing personal anecdotes to

* At another time, Rogers lent him £500 to buy a share in the "Metropolitan Magazine."

† At this dinner, such are often the important consequences which arise out of mere accident, we presented Burns' son to Mr. C. Grant (Lord Glenelg), which led to his appointment to India, and the whole of his life's condition.—Ed. L. G.

those related by Dr. Beattie, and perhaps one or two which he would not like to tell of his late friend; for though they are innocent enough, they would point to ludicrous situations in which the Poet was involved, in consequence of the amatory disposition and (almost) mania about pretty children to which he gave way. The case mentioned by Dr. Beattie, p. 303, vol. iii., was an instance of this. Campbell took a wild interest in a beautiful child he saw in St. James's Park, and after every inquiry in vain, literally advertised in the newspapers for the discovery of the little stranger. The Doctor alludes to the *hoaxes* which answered this strange move; but the most entertaining was one which sent the Poet, in full dress, to wait upon a lady in Sloane-street, and after an awkward introduction of himself and object, ask to see her Child! Alas, she was a maiden lady of a certain age, and the visitor had much ado to effect his retreat without experiencing insult from the servants, as he had received a torrent of abuse from their mistress. Some of his sudden passions for more mature parties were attended with no less droll adventures, but they are not for recounting here. On festive occasions, (such as the opening of the Suffolk-street Gallery, &c. &c.,) Mr. Campbell was readily overpowered with wine; and in private societies, his spirits were wont to become exuberant. He was an admirable teller of a humorous tale; sometimes, when the gentlemen had been left, partaking more of olden coarseness than modern good taste, but always full of whim and point. His description of a night's lodging at an inn between Berwick and Edinburgh could hardly be surpassed for laughable effect. With his share of human foibles, he was a man (as his biographer has ably drawn him) to esteem and love, and a poet whose name will last for ever.

SARDINIA.

The Island of Sardinia, &c. By J. Warre Tyndale, M.A. 3 vols. Bentley.

Of the Island of Sardinia, comparatively speaking, we know little. Near as it is to us, its interior has been less explored and described than the most remote portions of the earth; and, somehow or other, whilst adjacent or not far distant isles have, again and again, furnished themes for travellers, antiquaries, and artists, until the present publication we have had no even tolerably clear account of this interesting country. To Mr. Tyndale we are at last indebted for a very complete history of its past, and detailed picture of its present condition. Sardinia, through these volumes, may now be as well understood as Guernsey or Sicily.

In performing this task, the author has brought such a variety of new matter before us, that we find it impossible to convey a sufficient idea of it to our readers. The manners and customs of the Sardinians of different classes and dissimilar localities, and the archaeological remains and objects of modern interest, would each supply separate subjects for long reviews; whilst we can only afford a taste of them, and cordially recommend the work as a standard in our literature.

A description of the Tunny fishing is very curious; and concludes thus,—

"During the boiling process a quantity of oil and grease is extracted, and rising to the surface is ladled off into vats, from whence it is taken and mixed with the rest, which is obtained by a screw-press from the bones. The oil fetches a high price, being very valuable for machinery, and the bones would serve for manure; but the trouble would alarm the Sardes, no less than the idea of such an innovation in their agriculture, and consequently they are thrown away to decay on the shore."

"There is hardly a part in the tunny not available for some purpose, but a curious value is set on particular pieces. The most esteemed in the upper part is a streak under the chin, called the 'stringle'; in the body the highest price is obtained for the 'sorra' or flank, and it seems to have maintained its celebrity, for various ancient authors speak of it as a 'dainty to be eaten by the gods.' In the lower part

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"The about an at table ever tast Valery er mis on l have som "A ge that the no brains fully for comparati any. Th quantity, a 2000th different istence in "The strikes any work him amativem skills. "actions, breeding them rush the objec could ind

Of pers following "The mistake; While was prevented and obliges the propos I went to ask the waiting-w that the unexpected my guide eavalante elicited, ad had show I was; Du man, peep and heard and 'havin house, he who was annoyed a imprudent longer in table hous pin ospita face, with apologies a volubilit horse back feelings b off my me cold and plained b vendetta my guide enate on fuwosetit shelter u evening frequently

the 'netta' is considered a delicacy; but in purchasing any of these pieces in the market some experience is requisite to select them. My inexperienced palate was incompetent to appreciate the delicacies which appeared at my host's table, even with every advantage of cooking. They formed a complete course of fish, but were so disguised by sauces and the various modes of dressing that it was impossible to say whether they were fish, flesh, or fowl. Pliny, lib. ix., chap. 18, in mentioning these highly-prized morsels, alludes also to the unpleasant consequences of indigestion arising from eating them. 'Hi mentratim cœli, cervice et abdomine commendatur, atque clidid recenti duntaxat, et tum quoque gravi ractu.'

"The spawn salted and pressed into flat cakes, about an inch thick, called Bottarghe, and served up at table in slices, with oil, is delicious; nor did I ever taste any caviar in Russia superior to it. M. Valery erroneously states the bottarghe to be 'œufs mis en bouteille,' evidently imagining bottarghe to have some reference to bottiglie—bottles.

"A general belief prevails among the fishermen that the tunny, from its doltish stupid character, has no brains, and several heads were opened very carefully for me at my request, but in my ignorance of comparative anatomy I certainly was not able to find any. There is no doubt of the existence of a small quantity, but as in some fishes it does not constitute a 2000th part of their bulk, and varies so much in different species, the erroneous idea of its non-existence in the tunny may have easily arisen.

"The peculiarity of the shape of the head will strike any observer, and a cranologist might easily work himself into a belief that gourmandism and amativeness were the only organs developed on their skulls. It would, at least, correspond with their actions, for the sight of a female tunny, in the breeding season, or of a shoal of Sardines, makes them rush at and break through the nets to obtain the objects of their affections, when nothing else could induce them to leave their prison."

Of personal adventure and habits of the people the following is an example.—

"The only instance of inhospitality arose from a mistake, and is equally illustrative of the people. While wandering in some of the wildest parts, I was prevented arriving at a certain village in the evening, and obliged to halt at another, a few miles short of the proposed point. Having no letter of introduction, I went to the priest's house, and sent up my guide to ask the 'favour' of a night's lodging, and, after waiting some minutes, he returned with the answer that the padre did not choose to admit me. This unexpected refusal induced me to inquire minutely of my guide the exact words of the priest, and my cavalier being equally surprised at the answer, elicited, after much cross-questioning, that the priest had shown considerable suspicion and fear as to who I was. During this private confabulation, the reverend man, peeping out of his glassless windows, had seen and heard that I was neither Sarde nor Piedmontese; and having overtaken me a few yards from his house, he with great courtesy inquired if it was I who was in want of a night's shelter. Feeling a little annoyed at what had occurred, I replied hastily and imprudently, that I was the person, but was no longer in want of it, and was going to a more hospitable house. At the words 'me ne vado ad una casa piu ospitale,' his eyes flashed, the blood rose to his face, with a modulated voice he began a series of apologies for my mistake, and seizing my bridle amid a volubility of incomprehensible excuses, he led my horse back to his door, entreating me not to hurt his feelings by going away; and, after nearly pulling me off my saddle, led me into his house. His apparently cold and hot fit of hospitality was subsequently explained by there having lately been some cases of vendetta in the neighbourhood, and that, on seeing my guide (whose character by-the-by was not immaculate on that point), he had suspected us to be furoristi, with some sinister design of obtaining a shelter under his roof. His conduct during the evening proved the sincerity of his assertions, by frequently reproaching himself for his unintentional

rudeness, and mine quite disarming him of his fears, we had a comfortable supper, and spent the greater part of the night in conversation; local anecdotes being exchanged for a description of England, of which he was most anxious to hear some particulars. His inquiries were a satisfactory proof of his geographical knowledge; that England was an island beyond Terra-ferma (Piedmont) he had not dreamt of in his philosophy, and wished to know whether the word Britannia meant a king or a town! Most of his observations showed a similar ignorance; but nothing exceeded his delight on the subject of tea, which, though he had heard of, he had never seen or tasted. Having a small quantity, I made him some, and he drank seven or eight large cups full in succession; his servant being no less surprised at the beverage than at her master's deep potations, and indicating by the expression on her countenance a strong suspicion that I was poisoning him. His incredulity about tea coming from China was immovable; and, after learning where that country was, he told me somewhat indignantly, that, though he was not a literato, yet he knew better than to believe that people sent great ships merely to fetch dried leaves, however delicious they were, from such a distance. We parted early in the morning; he, delighted with my volubility gift of some of the dried leaves for his future use, and I, highly pleased with his hospitality. But however great may be the attention and kindness of one's host, certain disadvantages and inconveniences attend this mode of travelling, for after starting on a journey at day-break, the fatigues of ten and twelve hours on horseback make one little inclined for the formalities of a reception, with the etiquette required on those occasions; and a host's anxiety to please and amuse, often amounts to something more than a superfluity, and even to an embarrassment, if one has any pursuit or occupation beyond the mere passing away the evening.

"Full many a time had one to appear delighted with, and reiterate thanks for attentions shown by the family, which the heart tacitly wished to escape. The supper-table groaning with the weight of viands of every description, was a necessary evidence to prove a welcome; but even a long day's journey and a tolerable appetite, by no means ensure the requisite capacity and compliment of eating copiously of all of them. Full many a time was I denounced as a bad guest for not eating at one repast what would really have sufficed for two days' meals; and as a Sarde's capabilities in that respect are by no means inferior to his sentiments of hospitality, it was not easy to prove that my appreciation of the latter ought not to be tested by my inability to compete with them in the former. Dishes after dishes seemed so many incarnations of the demons of nightmare, dyspepsia, and apoplexy; and the wines to be the liquefied regions from whence they came. The lateness of the supper hour is another objection, and 'beauty sleep' before midnight is little known in their computation of time. Frequently between eleven and twelve have I heard the summons to proceed to the table, with a mind and body equally unprepared for an hour's gastronomical campaign. On one occasion, having proved myself a first rate guest by tasting some eight or ten dishes, and rejoicing in my own prowess and their removal from the table, my host exclaimed, 'Well, as you have eaten nothing, you shall have something more acceptable and agreeable.' At the words, 'piu grato e piacevole,' my heart yearned for a bed—rest and quiet being my only interpretation of the expression; and the conversation turning on that subject led me into a belief that we were about to retire from the table. But the door soon opened, and the servant, instead of bringing the anticipated bed lamps, rushed violently in with an immense dish, which by-the-by he nearly upset into my lap, as if it had been predestined to my particular share. A whole roasted wild boar lay before me! Silently sighing at the approaching labour, I instinctively, but unconsciously, put my hand to my stomach, as an act of defence and pity; but my host unfortunately perceiving and misinterpreting my gesture into one of pleasure, exclaimed, 'Ah! how glad I am that I

happened to have the cinghiale to-day; I will give you a good slice of it' ('un pezzone'), and, suiting the action to the word, he plunged in his knife and fork, and before I could recover my astonishment, a plate was before me, with a portion of the animal which would have sufficed the combined appetites of six Germans at a Jagdschmaus. All excuse, apology, and entreaty to be relieved of forty-nine parts of it were in vain; and though in eating the fiftieth I did contrive to offer up a tribute to my host's feelings and hospitality, it was one of the strongest appeals to self-sacrifice ever made by a victimised stomach; and during my restless, sleepless night, I could do little else but exclaim, with Juvenal:

"Quanta est gula, quam sibi totos Pont apros—animal propter convivia natum!"

"It frequently happened that my hosts invited a few friends to spend the evening with them to enable them to see what species of the genus homo an Englishman is; for most of them, never having seen one, were curious to ascertain this point of natural history; and if the exhibition only afforded them a hundredth part of the amusement that it did to me, they must have been highly entertained. Among the various instances of reciprocal astonishment at each other's customs was the following:—On arriving at a friend's house, and retiring to my room after a short conversation with the family, I sent my servant, so as not to derange the household by such an unusual demand, for some jugs of water and the largest tub he could find; but while in the midst of my ablutions after a long and hot ride, the door suddenly opened, and my host entered, with four or five visitors in his rear, who, nothing daunted at my nudity, were formally presented to me, and, wrapping myself up in my dressing-gown, I had thus to receive their compliments and the usual felicitations. Finding the floor wet and other evidences of washing, he asked what I was about,—imagining at first, from my nakedness, that I was merely going to bed for half an hour's rest, and adopting their custom of sleeping without any clothes; but in replying that I was only taking a kind of cold bath, there was a general outcry of surprise.—'How—what—why,—wash at this time of the evening?—wash in cold water!—what a quantity of it!—not necessary—very dangerous—what is the good of it? Do all your countrymen do such things? Are they very dirty in England? We don't wash in that way—why do you?' It was impossible to answer their confused questions; what to English eyes and ears would be considered indelicate, was to them a matter of harmless curiosity and innocence. After some delay my new acquaintances took the hint that the levee had better be held down stairs, where, on my re-appearance, the same questions were repeated, and even alluded to by the ladies, who were equally at a loss to account for this extravagant use of water.

"The whole party had evidently been canvassing the subject, *guttatim*—drop by drop; and, by this act, one more was added to the many charges against our nation for their apparent eccentricities and peculiarities in foreign countries. In most houses admitting of an extra room, one is set apart for the guests,—the 'hospitale cubiculum' of the Romans,—ready and open to all strangers; and its sanctity (except when washing) is as great as in former days. The guest is generally expected to give some little trifle in money to the servant of the house on parting; but it would be a high offence—as I found on several occasions—to offer the host, however humble and poor, any payment for the expense or trouble he may have incurred."

Another piece of the country occurs to us, but we must defer this and its archæology till our next Gazette.

NEW NOVELS.

Clara Fane; or, the Contrasts of a Life. By L. Stuart Costello. 3 vols. Bentley.

Trans. Schau. Wem. There, reader, is the whole of the secret in this book, which you shall penetrate through us. Trans. Schau. Wem. Trust. Show,

Who. So sings the wizard from the forest, the tale of the heroic begins, and according to whose oracles it is fulfilled. In Clara Fane there is a larger mixture of the extraordinary and romantic than we usually assign to the novel of ordinary life. Strange disguises and stranger characters figure on the stage with the common people of the world, and vulgar Mrs. Spicers, Mrs. Trumbles, Miss Galeas, Mrs. Goldspins, (with sons and daughters to match,) and Lady Brixtons, &c. &c., quadruple it, as it were, with singular Frills, Fairfaxes, and Loftuses. Other less conspicuous, but cleverly sketched personages—the good Mrs. Fowler; Wybrow, the young enthusiast, who seeks the source of the Nile; the natural Maria Spicer, his love; Celia Sawyer, the bold daughter of the Poland-street tailor; Mr. Luttrell and his daughters; Lady Seymour, Mr. Frewen, and more, are all invented with a facile and observant hand, and variegate the development of the mystery in an amusing and novellistic style. There is also much of travel and change of place in the book: Paris, London, Derbyshire, Germany, Italy, and Wales supply topographical changes; and Clara is as perfect as the ordeal through which she goes makes essential to her pleasing a rather eccentric and fastidious gentleman. Now, as we have begun *Travels*, &c., we will not utter another word, but choose an extract or two, as wide away from the plot as Kamtschatka is from Kandj. Here is a Derby sweep and no swindle:—

"The advancing year brought with it summer weather, and the country round Bakewell was in all its beauty, when a party was arranged, at which the whole school was to assist to witness a Well-flowering, one of the prettiest vestiges of an ancient, probably pagan, worship, which England has preserved. Every spring and well throughout the country is on a certain day adorned with flowers arranged in a sort of mosaic work on frames which are placed over the precious waters, forming temples and shrines, before which crowds of gay pilgrims assemble and offer their tribute of admiration to the beautiful Flora, and the benignant nymphs of the waters."

"The country people, who are prone to destroy poetical associations, call these springs *taps*; they hasten from one to the other, for every well in a village is decorated in the same way, comparing the different *taps*, and pronouncing on their merits. There is always a procession of some club of good fellows, who parade the little hamlet with drums beating and colours flying, and each of the members is decorated with bright ribbons and bows and scarfs. They finish their peregrinations, after a visit to the parish church, which is always gaily attended on that day, by a jovial dinner, and generally, there is more than one dance in the place."

"Nothing can be gayer or more exhilarating than the aspect of the neat, smart young girls and youths who come in their best dresses from distant towns and villages for many miles; vehicles of every kind are seen hurrying along the roads crowded with lively travellers, all ready to enjoy and be amused. Though an English merry making is never so brilliant, so noisy, or so amusing as the same ceremony in France or in Italy, yet there is no want of hilarity and buoyant spirit to carry off a Well-flowering with *éclat*."

"Indeed, in a fine day of sunshine, when the trees are in their full beauty, and summer has yielded her richest flowers to make garlands, it is difficult to imagine anything prettier or more animated. Most of the great families of the county make a point of driving up to the wells, and their brilliant carriages, filled with finely dressed company, the spirited horses of the young squires, the gips of the gentry, the carts and waggon of the peasants, make a *mélange* sufficiently piquant and entertaining."

"Clara's spirits rose with the gay scene she witnessed, and she felt, almost for the first time since she had been in the country, that she could really enjoy its beauties."

In another review in this *Gazette*, we have had occasion to mention a jest on the Fesoon of Munich. By a coincidence, Miss Costello alludes to the same patronage of art:—

"Have you seen the Walhalla on the Danube?" asked Miss Clinton.

"The moment it was finished I saw it," replied Loftus, "and a marvel it is in its way, stupendous and startling; the exterior is faultless with Schwanthalers' magnificent bas-reliefs, its position is unrivalled, crowning a bold mountain on the banks of the finest river in Europe, but the interminable maze of steps leading up to it weakens its effect; the enormous mass of stone which they necessarily employ is too intrusive; nothing can give grace to such a pile; the very fatigue it suggests destroys harmony. There was no necessity for apparent approach that way—a covered way would have answered better, winding round the hill, or under it. It is sufficient, that a broad carriage road leads to the back of the temple. It is not a shrine for some miraculous Madonna, that it should require a line of steps and stations before it can be reached; the mere aspect of being unattainable would give it greater sublimity."

"The whole thing is like the monarch's mind who planned it—a mixture of greatness and puerility—of grandeur and vulgarity; he has built a perfect temple, and spoilt it by an overwhelming staircase; he has designed a retreat for demi-gods, and intended to place genius on its proper pedestal; but he was stopped short by a twinge of conscience instigated by bigotry, and left out some of the most glorious names in the history of his country. He has raised altars to the virtues and the talents, and put coarsely painted Bayadères amongst their solemn groups; he has erected walls and roofs of the purest marble, and daubed them over with colour and gilding. Although," he added, laughing, "some say the ancients did the same—so he may be right."

"Still, with all its defects, the Walhalla is one of the finest monuments in Europe, and worth a journey to behold."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed a voice, easily recognised as Lady Brixton's, "if they are not here! Why, Mr. Loftus, my Kate and I have been puffing and blowing all over the gardens to find you. What could have made you hide yourself in this corner?—everybody thinks that you have set off by the train to London, and left us in the lurch."

"We shall select only one passage more. The accomplished heroine, (who occupies the rank of a governess throughout the work, but with not much of governess duties to perform,) speaks:—

"My imagination pictured the Germans as a dreamy people, full of poetry and philosophy; but I have heard them described as coarse, heavy, and uninteresting."

"You have heard that from their enemies, the volatile French: it is true that they are a solid stolid people," returned he, "and appear, at first sight, to have little taste except in music; they do not understand, they cannot feel painting; they cling to the alphabet of art, taught them by their first masters, certainly marvels of their time and country, but still only the youngest of Nature's pupils; they like colour, and feel not form; they cherish truth, but it is apt to be, with them, common, coarse fact, for as yet they know not idealism in art, they keep themselves too much down to earth. They daub their houses with hideous frescos; they plaster their palaces with gold on brickdust grounds; with paint and decorations they spoil their fine architecture; with needless ornament they spoil their pictures; but look at their poetry and music! they are a great but savage people, making a struggle after a longer bondage to ignorance than other nations, and they have a soul within which will blaze forth through all their mistakes. They have no good modern painters; but their one sculptor, their Schwanthaler, is a host in himself, enough to regenerate a world of bad artists. He can do anything. He is a severer, perhaps a purer; Canova, a Danneker, a Thorwaldson; or, at least, worthy to follow them."

"I feel the merits of pictures rather than of

The death of this eminent artist took place only a short time ago, at Munich; Schwanthaler, without disparagement to Cornelius, was, perhaps, the foremost in the revived art.

statues," said Clara. "I think the mind must be educated for admiration of that great art." "Perhaps so," was the reply; "a statue is a picture without colour, an engraving embodied—the purer because it is without ornament; it is the Psyche of Art—not superior in beauty, but equal to the Cupid, and more ethereal. You must go to Italy."

In the little morsels of crumb-criticism, it is respectable to show our attention, if not our acuteness. Here are fine specimens of what we might do. At page 32, vol. 1., we read of Maria "setting down" to her piano; and "Oho," says Critic, "we will give Miss Costello a setting down. Unluckily, at p. 134, we find her ridiculing in italics the same vulgarity for *set*; for Mrs. Trumble says, 'I'll set when Miss G. can't,' and we find it is only a typographical error."

Having no other fault to find with our ever-pleasing authoress (yes, we think her Celia turns out too attractive for her commencement,) we cordially adopt the mottoes—"Fare Fac," "Ne Vile Fano?" and the Loftus, "Prend moi tel que je suis," "Loyal à mort." What better could we have from the union of a Fairfax, not pro-Faned, and a Loftus of many disguises?

Jealousy: a Novel. By the Author of "Recollections of Rugby," &c. 3 vols. Newby.

This is a simply told story, without any intricacy of contrivance, or marked development of character. The principal agent in the plot, who wrecks the happiness of certain of the parties, is a Jesuit priest and confessor in the household of Lord George Grenville, whose machinations are not very dissimilar to others which have of late been much brought forward to expose the dangers of adular confession and Romish influence. A jolly retired captain of the navy plays a prominent part, attended, as usual, by a faithful old Sea-dog, who was with him when he was a midshipman forty-years ago (being then, according to reckoning, ten years old); but there are no startling events, and the interest is but moderately kept up. Agnes, one of the heroines, occasionally uses rather common language for the well-educated daughter of a wealthy baronet; for she calls the Captain a "nice, good-tempered old fellow," and asks people what they mean by "shirking the question." There seems a want of refinement in this. But the gist of the whole is to denounce the evils produced by priestly interference and authority in families, the minds of whose members they artfully subjugate, reckless of consequences, and for ulterior objects of religious domination.

Charles Vernon: a Transatlantic Tale. By Lieut.

Col. H. Senior. 2 vols. Longmans.

NEVER was a more stirring story since the days of the Buccaneers, whose adventures a large portion of it resembles. The other division lies in Jamaica; of which island, both as regards topographical landscape and society, the pictures are exceedingly well drawn. The benevolent feeling towards the slave population is now of course rather posthumous or out of date; but the desperate struggles in Spanish America, if yet the name applies, may still be regarded as vivid prototypes of bloodshed and horrors to come. The loves interwoven in the narrative are of good novel staple, and the whole performance is exceedingly well written and interesting. We like to point out a single trifling misuse of one word. One of the cavaliers, when his adored is thrown by her horse, "lifted the senseless girl from the ground,"—insensible would have been better. We are nothing if not critical!

The Life and Remains of Théodore Edouard Hook. By the Rev. R. H. D. Barham, B.A. Author of the "Life of Thomas Ingoldsby." 2 vols. Bentley.

Life is a Jest, and all things show it: I thought so once, but now I know it!

So proclaimed the solemn walls of Westminster Abbey in its Poets' Corner, and many lay there who had known how bitter a Jest it had been to them. For there is a difference between Ornithology and Humanity. In the former, the singing tribe is

spared, a fowl, and fled to later, it preyed on Hook was

These vivid maw awaken taining to as we did best we nary as th

The M elder bro theologic Gilbert (much of the light he wrote younger among th and lived seductive tional a poraneous days, ver compare which, w English I Titian, s were ast powers i added to Imagin Of his p furtive i volumes, and amo with sid sing his through i which e miniscen Captain Mathews lonest at from the mourning been, but here's co consequ The rhy hagen are through prove th Monbod oblivion, the same Hook's s comment "One: only for wove any fulness o a country was he n been of too frequ lightly h haunted; was too

so happy best style men of A to, ordi humbler

"May, t-day an of Hook: but to m and salt, truly Atti country o

sparred, and the discordant turkey, goose, duck, and fowl, and their congeners, wild or tame, are sacrificed to the greedy appetites of man; but in the latter, it is the Bird of Song that is peculiarly preyed upon, persecuted, and destroyed. Theodore Hook was an example.

These volumes bring him and this sad truth in a vivid manner before us; and yet, though they re-awaken our regrets, they must be so purely entertaining to the rest of the world, who knew him not as we did, that we must put aside our feeling, and, as best we may, offer a running and anecdotic commentary as the form of our Review.

The Memoir opens with a sketch of Theodore's elder brother, James, celebrated both in light and theological literature; and refers to the novel of Gilbert Gurney, in which the former embodied so much of himself that it may be considered almost in the light of autobiography. At the age of sixteen, he wrote successfully for the stage, and much of his younger years was spent in dramatic writings, and among theatrical connexions—a gay, thoughtless, and lively career, rendered far more than usually seductive by his precocious talent and high constitutional aptitude for such enjoyments. His extemporaneous effusions and imitations, even in those days, were delightfully amusing, though nothing to compare with his latter performances in improvising, which, we believe, were never paralleled in the English language, if approached in the more facile Italian. His fancy, invention, readiness, and wit, were astonishing; and on occasions when similar powers in off-hand musical composition were superadded to all kinds of versification, it is impossible to imagine anything more captivating or wonderful. Of his practical jokes Mr. Barham relates some curious instances; but the whole tale would fill these volumes. Jerry Sneak Russell had a fund of them, and among others, one of Hook's playing the Siren with such effect as to overcome the Cerberus, and sing himself (and his companion in the dennet) through a hurricane into Richmond. The anecdotes which enliven the narrative thus far are piquant reminiscences. At page 33, we find one attributed to Captain Caulfield which used to be fathered on Madhuw—viz. an imitation of Suett, addressed to honest and eccentric Jimmy Whittle, as if proceeding from the deceased comedian's hearse, instead of the mourning coach attending it. Other anecdotes succeed, but many were too racy to be told; and some here touched upon lose much of their humour in consequence of the necessity for consulting decorum. The rhymes of Sir Moses Ximenes and Mr. Rosenhagen are thus toned down; and the glorious exploit through which Hook worked up Mr. Nash to prove that he did not belong to the Aborigines of Monbodo, must remain still more completely in oblivion. At pages 35, 36, our young friend has not the house excuse for partly marring an example of Hook's fine natural feeling, which we witnessed and commented to him. He says,—

"One instance has been recorded, remarkable not only for the readiness and tact with which he interwove any passing incident, but for the extreme gracefulness of the comparison thus suggested. It was at a country mansion; Hook was in high spirits—when was he not to outward seeming! The Falerian had been of the right vintage, and the draughts neither too frequent nor too few. The evening passed delightfully away—still puns and pleasantries unexhausted, inexhaustible kept the table in a roar. It was too early to separate—Theodore had never been so happy; already had he sung several songs in his best style, and given more than one successful specimen of his improvising. A little something, known to ordinary mortals as supper, to those in a yet humbler sphere as 'the tray,' made its appearance—

the 'mahogany mixture' deepened in its tint, as the night wore on; the morning broke and—

"No! found such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkled there."

One last song was solicited—the subject, 'Good night'—such eyes, such lips, were not to be refused. Hook, fresh as ever, responded to the call; when, in the midst of the mirth, some one threw open the shutter—the sun was rising, and poured its early light into the apartment. On the instant the singer paused; a boy, with his wondering eyes fixed upon him, (and there were few auditors he loved better,) stood by his side. Like old Timotheus he 'changed his hand,' and turning to the child, compared his dawn of life to the glorious luminary whose course was just begun, rich with the promise of an unclouded day; while for himself, his meridian past, his career well nigh ended, there remained little but to wish for each and all, 'Good night!'

Every stanza had ended with these words, when the light was suddenly let in just by the end of the pianoforte, when the player, turning from the fair dames clustering round him, and among them the boy's mother, in a moment changed the strain, and apostrophizing him with a voice of deep pathos, thus concluded:—

"But the Sun see the heavens adorning,

Diffusing life, pleasure, and light!

To thee 'tis the promise of morning;

Whilst with us 'tis the closing 'Good night!'

The effect of this momentary impulse is indescribable: it was indeed a touching moral wherewith to conclude one of those joyous days of which he was the centre and soul. Sometimes the revels were not so refined. One jovial party given by Mr. Mansel Reynolds at a small gardener's dwelling, where he had retired for quiet summer lodgings, near Highgate, could never be forgotten by any one who was present, including such auditors as Coleridge, Lockhart, Captain Harris (then of *Phormion tenax* celebrity), and a few others. Hook had not before met the Poet, and was at the top of his bent. He succeeded, by toasts and otherwise, in getting all the small wine-glasses broken; and the last of them, set on the bottom of a reversed tumbler, by Coleridge shying at it with a silver fork, and proclaiming, in his declamatory manner, that he had never met a man who could bring such various and amazing resources of mind to bear upon the mere whim or folly of the moment! Captain Harris was sceptical about the songs being extempore, but his conviction was forced by one of the most delightful that ever Hook sung, on a subject he gave him, and apparently offering nothing for his muse—namely, "Cocoa-nut Oil." But the Mauritius supplied the opening theme; the scenery was described, the trees, the natives under them, &c. &c., and a transition of excessive drollery made to a lamp in which the oil had been tried on the dinner table, but so dimly (owing to frost) as to have been turned out for candles. Another song, on Mrs. MacPherson, the gardener's wife, who, with others from below, was listening to all the fun at the door, was an astounding finale not unworthy of the genius of the day. We are not sure if Tom Hill was there. He was a standing butt of Hook's, and on one or two occasions—the only unkind instances we ever knew—he ran his friend, for whom he really had a great regard, too hard, and hurt his feelings. It is difficult to keep such exuberant overflowings always within the limits of proper control. But we are forgetting our author, and putting in ourselves: our excuse must be, that at many of the feats which he records we were present, and his reminiscences derived from other of the parties serve to revive in us recollections of a congenial kind. Thus, Lord W. Lennox's capital pun (page 303) on the veil over Mr. Peel's portrait in Cleveland-row, and Hook's furious outbreak against Mr. Poole at a literary club (page 264)* where we presided, send us musing back to the light of other days—the *quorum pars parva fuimus!* Of Dean Cannon, and of his own

most estimable father, of whose "Life" (as one good turn deserves another) the title-page states him to have been "the Author," the anecdotes are most characteristic. Of the former we hear—

"It was his musical skill that proved the means of introducing him to the notice of the Prince of Wales; but the peculiar bent of his humour, which admitted no respect of persons, proved a bar to his advancement, and lost him the countenance of that illustrious personage; the favourite, Mrs. Fitzherbert, he had offended before, and that fact, possibly, may have contributed not a little to his final dismissal. On being requested to give his opinion of an upright pianoforte, an instrument then but recently invented, he ran his hand, light as a lady's, over the keys, and threw himself back with a dissatisfied air."

"What do you think of it, Mr. Cannon?" asked Mrs. Fitzherbert.

"Why, madam, it may do to lock up your bread and cheese in, and that's all it's fit for," was the reply.

"It needed a voice sweeter even than Cannon's, and few surpassed it, to render harsh truths grateful to royal ears; and a still more glowing instance of plain speaking, addressed to the Prince himself, soon after procured him his *congé*. The example, once set, was speedily followed, and Cannon ere long found himself well nigh deserted by his noble friends. Nothing, however, could induce him to curb the license of his tongue, or to submit himself to the conventional restraints of society. On one occasion, for example, when inveighing with caustic bitterness against the late Bishop of—, a reverend Doctor who was present begged him to desist."

"Remember, my dear sir, his Lordship has been a kind friend to me: I am under the greatest obligations to him: it was he who gave me the living of C—."

"Well," said Cannon, "he ought to be hanged for that."

"Nor were the liberties he took confined to those of the tongue; in practical coolness where his comforts were concerned, he was unassailed by Hook himself. At more houses than one, where he was received on terms of intimacy, he would call, possibly in the morning, and informing the servant of his intention of dropping in to dine, would next inquire what dishes had been ordered.—'Roast leg of mutton, eh?'—'Ah! not a bad thing—boiled better.'—'Much better!'—'Tell Cookums to boil the leg of mutton with 'um capers,' and accordingly on or before the stroke of five, or six, as the case might be—and even the hour was occasionally altered to suit his convenience—he would roll into the drawing-room, seat himself in an arm-chair, wheel and wriggle himself into the snugest corner by the fire-side, gather the children round him—with them he was sure to be a prime favourite—and if the *pater familias*, unconscious of the presence of his uninvited guest, happened to be a little 'behind time,' he would fidget and grumble, and give the unhappy 'Kittums,' or by whatever name he addressed the lady of the house, no rest till she allowed dinner to be served."

"To no one since the time of the old Greek could the epithet *ὑπερηγος* be applied with a nicer propriety. The tones of his voice were most melodious. He was wayward and whimsical, it is true, and, when displeased, apt to be silent or sarcastic; but when satisfied with his fare, and in society he liked, his playful wit and rich fund of anecdote rendered him one of the most fascinating companions imaginable. Young and old were subject to the spell, and sat delighted listeners, as some quaint tale or old English ballad flowed from his lips: even the hostess, hardest to be appeased, melted beneath his smile, forgot her outraged economy, and suggested, with little danger of a refusal, one more glass of the 'ginannums' and water,* such as he loved."

"Lax perhaps in his habits, he might be esteemed, beyond what was strictly becoming one of his profession. St. James's, indeed, in the days of the Regency, could hardly be expected to furnish forth a very satisfactory model for a divine. Upon one point, however, Cannon was firm and inflexible; he would

* There was at the period a sore and unhealed feud, offence taken by Hook, and Poole's proposing his health was indiscreet.—Ed. L. G.

* May, 1812, T. Campbell writes from Sydneyham—"Yesterday an improvisatore—a wonderful creature of the name of Hook—sang some extempore songs, not to my admiration, but to my astonishment. I prescribed a subject, 'pepper and salt,' and he executed the *improvisus* with both—very truly little salt. He is certainly the first improvisatore this country ever possessed—he is but twenty."—Ed. L. G.

suffer in his presence no leasing with sacred things; and his volatile friend, somewhat too ready to offend in this particular, not unfrequently elicited a rebuke:—

"Come, come, my Hookams, the former would exclaim: 'stop there—be what you think witty with any thing else, but that is my book—you must not touch that!'"

"It is but fair to say, that the hint was invariably taken in good part, and proved commonly sufficient for the evening."

In the habit of composing, almost extemporaneously, beautiful airs and variations, to which he either supplied words himself or adapted those of some relic of ancient minstrelsy, Cannon could rarely be induced to put poetry or accompaniment to paper. Those who ever heard him are not likely to forget the exquisite taste with which he used to sing the rare old ballad of 'Bold Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford,' a performance quite unequalled in its way. The melody has happily been preserved in the popular song of 'The Old Maid,' which Hook struck off, having frequently, but fruitlessly, begged Cannon to give to the public some version of his own. But the latter, though busy enough with his brain, exhibited, possibly with fear of the fate of his brother of Chatham before his eyes, a marvellous aversion from the pen and inkhorn. Of some half-dozen slipshod effusions of his muse, which it must be confessed was rather of the 'worst-natured,' we subjoin a specimen, not that it is the best, but as being one no longer liable to give offence:—

THE DEAN.

"Once on a time there was a Dean
Lord L— made by mistake,
For if he had known him as well as I, I would not
There never had been such a snake."

"This Dean was a man about four feet high,
With a skin like the skin of a toad.
On his waistcoat before a collar he wore,
Beautiful, red, and broad."

"Behind that red, there beat a heart,
As black as a Dean's need be;
As black as a Dean's need be,
That was—Hypocrite."

"Two men of worth in their different states of
Did once to his choir belong.
The first of these I call Tom for short,
Jonathan 'other, for long."

"Poor Jonathan went his weary way
To see his mother when dying;
He found the Dean a-crying."

"Oh, no! to Jonathan thus he said,
'Your mother is under ground,
But you've been away for many a day,
I shall fine you forty pounds!'"

"Poor Tom is dead—around his grave
His weeping comrades stay,
But as to the Dean, he was not to be seen,
His feelings kept him away."

"'Twas so he said—but had poor Tom no dependance
Been a lord, or anything higher,
The Dean had been there, with mock visage of care,
And his tears would have filled the choir."

"Beggars on horseback ride but one way,
And this is our hope and desire,
When Tom is happy with his music above,
May the Dean sit down stairs by the fire!"

"Or, by way of a piece of unparalleled nonsense,
take the following IMPROVEMENT:—

"If do his throat a man should choose
In fun to jump or slide,
He'd scrape his shoes against his teeth,
Nor dirt his own inside."

"Or if his teeth were lost and gone,
And not a stump to scrape upon,
He'd see at once how very pat
His tongue lay there, by way of mat."

"And he would wipe his feet on that!"

"Of Hook's unfortunate career at the Mauritius we shall say little. He provoked a deadly foe, and was cruelly treated. That he was guilty of any crime more heinous than sheer carelessness, we could not credit for a moment; but he was the stricken deer, and was punished accordingly. Even the money brought by the sale of his household goods, after his death

(several thousand pounds) was seized and taken from his destitute children by government; we doubt not agreeable to rule and precedent, but it was a barbarous act. Mr. Barham's examination of the question, in our judgment, sets the plundered treasurer's conduct above all suspicion."

(Conclusion in our next.)

REAL ROMANCES.

The Romance of the Peerage, or Curiosities of Family History. Vol. II. By G. L. Craik. Chapman and Hall.

As in the preceding volume of this work, we have much of the interest of romance combined with the value of history, and particularly so as regards family pedigrees and genealogy. The writer still dwells on the period of Elizabeth and James I.; and, without much stretching of the cord of connexion, gives us among the kindred of Anne Boleyn, the Devereux, old Percies, Rathvans, &c.; and, as related to Lady Jane Grey, Margaret Tudor, the Scottish Queen, and finally the Lady Arabella Stuart. It will be seen from this enumeration that there is material enough not only for romance but tragedy; and the interest of the entire volume may consequently be anticipated to be, what it is, very considerable. The old Percy history will attract every reader, being well condensed from the elaborate treatise in Collins's *Peerage*:—

"Their first recorded ancestor flourished nearly a thousand years ago. The Danish chieftain, or pirate, Mainfred, had made his name a terror to France before the invasion of Rollo, in 886, which ended in the acquisition of Normandy in about a quarter of a century after. His son, Galfred, or Geoffrey, accompanied Rollo, and became Lord of the town of Percy, or more properly *Persy*, in Lower Normandy. His descendants, according to the universal custom, were distinguished, taking them in the order of their succession from father to son, as William, Geoffrey, another William, and another Geoffrey, de Percy, or of Percy. This kind of annexation was the earliest and the same the only kind of surname. A surname—*Sieur* name, or, as we might say, *lord* name—was originally a sort of title of nobility, or at least of territorial property. This was the only addition to the baptismal name that could at first naturally descend and become a family name. The person who exercised a particular handicraft might, as an individual, be distinguished by the name of his trade; but his children would not seem to have any rational claim to the same designation. They would rather get each a new name from his own trade. Hugh, the son of Walter the Smith, who became a fabricator of bows or of arrows, would be called, not Hugh Smith, but Hugh Bowyer or Hugh Fletcher. Such designations as these were at first rather of the nature of nicknames than of surnames. They were given not to the family, but to the individual. No family had what was properly a surname except the families of the landed proprietors. Indeed, the notion of a family or lineage at all scarcely existed except in connexion with property in the land. It was the possession of such heritable property alone that seemed to make any real continuity in a succession of generations. The son of John the ploughman, who became a shepherd, and his grandson who became a cowherd or a swineherd, and were both removed, perhaps, to other parishes or other farms, were but very dimly recognised by the public understanding in their relationship either to him or to one another. To constitute any distinct idea of a family, or what was called a house, a stationary position was requisite. The custom which very generally prevailed of the son following the trade of his father, helped, indeed, to establish surnames, or what passed for such and answered the same purpose, the sooner among all classes of the population; and with the acquisition of surnames by everybody came the clear apprehension of the fact that other people had ancestors as well as the lords of the soil. But this was scarcely admitted, or, more properly speaking, had not come to be suspected, when the surname of Percy first began to be used."

The companion of the Conqueror "was familiarly known in his own day as *Guillaume al gerrons*, that is, *Will with the Whiskers*—which puts us in possession of at least one point in the personal appearance of this founder of the English house of Percy. Hence *Algernon* became a common baptismal name among his descendants."

"The heroic old Percies are the three Barons of Alnwick, and the first three Earls, with the renowned Hotspur, who was son of the first Earl and father of the second. These seven Henries make an uninterrupted succession of military leaders, almost constantly in harness, extending from near the middle of the thirteenth century to the middle of the fifteenth. Their period may be said, speaking somewhat loosely, to coincide with what is commonly understood by that of the Edwards and the Henries of our national history—a time of almost incessant war, foreign or domestic, and no doubt often of plenty of suffering as well as of exertion to all classes of the community, but yet one out of the very convulsions and calamities of which much good arose, and which, upon the whole, proved giants' nurture and training for the spirit and strength of the country. It was the season of the reckless and turbulent youth of England, that in which the nation grew from boyhood to manhood. It was then that the foundations of the national character were laid, that the tendencies for good or for evil were fixed, which have made us whatever we have since become."

"The fifth Earl of Northumberland had been at most an ornament of the state; his son, the sixth Earl, also named Henry Algernon, was not even that. He is the Lord Percy who figures in the story of poor Anne Boleyn."

"Such were the predecessors and progenitors of Henry ninth Earl of Northumberland, the husband of Lady Dorothy Devereux, who was the eldest son of the last-mentioned Earl. It is a history of much work done, of one sort and another, that of these old Percies. Counting from the first Earl, we have above a century filled by five of them, in regular succession from father to son, not one of whom died in his bed. The first Earl was slain at Bramham Moor, his eldest son (Hotspur) at Shrewsbury, the second Earl (Hotspur's son) at St. Alban's, the third at Towton, the fourth lost his life in a popular tumult. These five violent extinctions of so many heads of the house all happened within a space of about eighty years; the first of them in 1408, the last in 1489. It seemed the order of nature that a Percy should always die a bloody death. And these men may be said to have all lived, as well as died, in harness; they and their predecessors, for at least three more generations, comprehending above another century, had stood pillars of the state, and been ever foremost in one or other department of the public service. It is very remarkable, however, that the four who were slain in battle all fell fighting on the side which was at the moment the wrong or the losing one. And the same unhappy destiny continued to pursue the race after they came to die in another fashion than with arms in their hands. About half a century passes, divided between the magnificent prosperity of the fifth and the inglorious wretchedness of the sixth Earl: and then within another term of about the same length are recorded three more violent deaths, that of the father of the seventh Earl, that of the seventh Earl himself, and that of the eighth Earl, all three charged with rebellion or treason. Thus in the two centuries we have only two Earls who died in the ordinary course of nature, and no fewer than eight heads of the house suddenly and violently cut off,—four of them in battle, two on the scaffold, the other two lawlessly murdered. Nothing can set before us in a more striking way the convulsed or troubled condition of English society throughout those two hundred years."

And it is curious: the reluctance which the Percy blood has always shown to flow in other than female veins is very remarkable. If at any time more male births have taken place than have barely sufficed to keep up the descent of the title from father to son, they have usually proved unproductive. Indeed, this

has been uniformly the case, with one very recent exception, for more than three centuries, to go no farther back. The seventh Earl of Northumberland, who succeeded to the title in 1537, left only four daughters. His brother, the eighth Earl, besides three daughters, had eight sons; but all of them except the eldest died either unmarried or without issue. The ninth Earl left two sons and two daughters; but of the sons only the eldest had issue. He, the tenth Earl, had six daughters, and only one son; and that son, who became the eleventh Earl, left only one child, a daughter. That daughter, the second heiress of her house, besides six daughters, had seven sons; but of them all only the eldest had issue; and he again left only a daughter, once more and for the third time to transfer the stream of descent to a new channel. Her eldest son, the second Duke, left two sons; but the elder of the two, who became the third Duke, died without issue, and the present Duke, who is the younger, has no family. Of the second son of the first Duke, however, who succeeded his father as Baron Lovaine, and was afterwards created Earl of Beverley, the posterity in both sexes is very numerous.*

We remark that Mr. Craik takes a very decided part against the Gowries, and asserts "that what is called the Gowrie conspiracy was a contrivance of James to effect the destruction of the Earl of Gowrie and his brother, is one of those insanities which may be excused to the heated temper and rabid party prejudice of a time in which such a transaction could occur; but the historical maintenance of that proposition can only be regarded as a proof of historical incompetency."

We confess, however, to participating in some of the doubts involved in these "insanities;" but the question is too long for us to debate, and we "give it up," together with the volume in which it appears, to the public judgment, assured that whether they agree with or differ from Mr. Craik in this respect, they will thank him for the continuation of a work full of entertaining and useful matter.

LORD BRAYBROOKE'S PEPPYS.

Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reigns of Charles II. and James II. With a Life and Notes by Lord Braybrooke. Vol. IV. 8vo. Colburn.

There are few individuals so immaculate as to dare the existence of a Pepys in the circle of their acquaintance. What a terrible and unflinching gossip he is! and thus we say at the risk of being accused of all the platitudes that the reviews of occasional volumes of the same work are likely to engender. But there is a use in it of a more generic nature than might be imagined. Did Mr. Thackeray read Pepys before he drew the character of Sir Pitt Crawley? We have him to the life, as Sir William Pen in 1667: "But to think of the clatter they make with his coach, and his own fine clothes, and yet how meanly they live within doors, and nastily, and borrowing everything of neighbours."

Alas for the originality of novelists! May not even Scott, James, and Bulwer be traced as often indebted to the pages of Pepys?

On opening the present volume, we were struck with a most valuable piece of domestic economy; and although one perhaps even practised at the present day, the necessity of keeping a good look over the way on such occasions never before appeared in such irresistible force:—

"April 12th, 1667.—Coming home, saw my door and hatch open, left so by Luce, our cookmaid, which so vexed me that I did give her a kick in our entry, and offered a blow at her, and was seen doing so by Sir W. Pen's footboy, which did vex me to the heart, because I know he will be telling our family of it."

How pretty and characteristic are his notices of old customs! We have no ambition to have lived in a past age, but should like, were it practicable, to have a look at our populace on a great feast day of an olden time:

"May 1st.—To Westminster, in the way meeting

many milk-maids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them; and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings' door in Drury-lane in her smock sleeve and bodice, looking upon one: she seemed a mighty pretty creature."

Nelly was of course Nell Gwynne, then in all her sparkling loveliness. Lord Braybrooke should have told us something about the May-day garlands, thus mentioned in *Misson's Travels*, 8vo, 1719, p. 307:—

"On the first of May, and the five and six days following, all the pretty young country girls that serve the town with milk dress themselves up very neatly, and borrow abundance of silver plate, whereof they make a pyramid, which they adorn with ribbands and flowers, and carry upon their heads instead of their common milk-pails. In this equipage, accompanied by some of their fellow milk-maids, and a bagpipe or fiddle, they go from door to door, dancing before the houses of their customers, in the midst of boys and girls that follow them in troops, and everybody gives them something."

The following is very characteristic of Pepys' temper, and we continue the extract, as it may please our friends at Kingland to have an account of what their local habitation was some two centuries ago:—

"May 11th, 1667.—My wife being dressed this day in fair hair did make me so mad that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that, Creed and I into the Park, and walked, a most pleasant evening, and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch,* was surprised with it, and made me no answer all the way home; but there we parted, and I to the office late, and then home, and without supper to bed, vexed. May 12th—Lord's Day.—Up, and to my chamber, to settle some accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her night-gown, and we began calmly, that, upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear white locks no more in my sight, which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, began to except against, and made her fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat told me of keeping company with Mrs. Knipp, saying that if I would promise never to see her more—of whom she hath more reason to suspect than I had heretofore of Pemberton—she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying anything, but I do think never to see this woman—at least, to have her here more; and so all very good friends as ever. My wife and I be-thought ourselves to go to a French house to dinner, and so enquired out Monsieur Robins, my perriwig-maker, who keeps an ordinary, and in an ugly street in Covent-garden, did find him at the door, and so we in; and in a moment almost had the table covered, and clean glasses, and all in the French manner, and a mess of pottage first, and then a piece of *beuf-a-la-mode*, all exceeding well seasoned, and to our great liking; at least it would have been anywhere else but in this bad street, and in a perriwig-maker's house; but to see the pleasant and ready attendance that we had, and all things so desirous to please, and ingenious in the people, did take me mightily. Our dinner cost us six shillings. Walked over the fields to Kingland, and back again; a walk, I think, I have not taken these twenty years; but puts me in mind of my boy's time, when I boarded at Kingston, and used to shoot with my bows and arrows in these fields. A very pretty place it is, and little did any of my friends think I should come to walk in these fields in this condition and state that I am."

We presume there are few people who have not at some period or another thought of irrelevant matters at church. Pepys did so in 1667:—

"After dinner, I by water alone to Westminster to the parish church, and there did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church,

* It should be mentioned, although passed by the editor without remark, that *weird* was formerly a term of endearment.

by which I had the pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that and sleeping I passed away the time till sermon was done."

Passing over the observations on historical subjects, for which we must refer to the work itself, we extract the following very curious account of the tiring-room of a theatre in the time of Nell Gwynne—

"October 5th, 1667.—To the King's house; and there, going in, met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tiring-rooms, and to the woman's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready,* and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit; and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me through all her part of *Flora Figary*, which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loath them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lowly they talk! and how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed for having so few people in the pit was pretty; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said, now-a-days, to have generally most company, as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good."

Pepys haunted by Spirits.—November 29th, Waked about seven o'clock this morning with a noise I supposed I heard, near our chamber, of knocking, which, by and by, increased; and I, more awake, could distinguish it better. I then waked my wife, and both of us wondered at it, and lay so great a while, while that increased, and at last heard it plainer, knocking, as if it were breaking down a window for people to get out, and then removing of stools and chairs, and plainly, by and by, going up and down our stairs. We lay, both of us, afraid; yet I would have rose, but my wife would not let me. Besides, I could not do it without making noise; and we did both conclude that thieves were in the house, but wondered what our people did, whom we thought either killed or afraid, as we were. Thus we lay till the clock struck eight, and high day. At last, I removed my gown and slippers safely to the other side of the bed over my wife; and there safely rose, and put on my gown and breeches; and then, with a firebrand in my hand, safely opened the door, and saw nor heard anything. Then, with fear I confess, went to the maid's chamber-door, and all quiet and safe. Called Jane up, and went down safely, and opened my chamber-door, where all well. Then more freely about, and to the kitchen, where the cook-maid up, and all safe. So up again, and when Jane came, and we demanded whether she heard no noise, she said, 'yes,' but was afraid, but rose with the other maid, and found nothing; but heard a noise in the great stack of chimnies that goes from Sir J. Minnes's through our house; and so we went, and their chimnies have been swept this morning, and the noise was that, and nothing else. It is one of the most extraordinary accidents in my life, and gives ground to think of Don Quixote's adventures, how people may be surprised, and the more from an accident last night, that our young gibb-cat did leap down our stairs from top to bottom at two leaps; and frightened us, that we could not tell well whether it was the cat or a spirit, and do sometimes think this morning that the house might be haunted."

In April, the following year, Pepys saw Howard's play of the *English Monsieur*, and his account of what he saw and heard afterwards is worth a quotation. "After the play done, I down to Knipp, and did stay her undressing herself; and there saw the several players, men and women, go by; and pretty to see how strange they are all, one to another, after the play is done. Here I saw a wonderful pretty maid of her own, that comes to undress her, and one so pretty that she says she intends not to keep her for fear of her being undone in her service by coming to the playhouse. Here I hear Sir W. Davenant is

* It should have been noticed by the editor that *unready* here means *undressed*.

just now dead; and so who will succeed him in the membership of the house is not yet known. The eldest daughter is, it seems, gone from the house to be kept by somebody; which is a good thing, she being a very bad actor. Mrs. Knapp tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is mighty in love with Hart of their house; and he is much with her in private, and she goes to him, and do give him many presents; and that the thing is, most certain, and Beck Marshall only privy to it, and the means of bringing them together, which is a very odd thing; and by this means she is even with the king's love to Mrs. Davis. This done, I carried her, and set her down at Mrs. Manners's, but stayed not there myself, nor went in; but straight home, and there to my letters, and so to bed. I found some additional notes might have been given in this volume without any detriment. At p. 19, *Rollo*, a play printed in 1840, written by Fletcher; the Wits, a comedy by Sir W. Davenant, reprinted by Dodsley. At p. 40, *the Siege of Rhodes*, a play by Davenant, printed in 1680, and frequently republished. At p. 89, the same play, is, incorrectly explained, and confused with a more modern meaning. At p. 147, *the Custom of the Country*, a play by Beaumont and Fletcher. At p. 155, the play of *Brennord*, a tragedy by Sir John Suckling, which was written about the time of the Scotch rebellion in 1639, and is satirical on the rebels, under the title of *Lithuanians*. At p. 168, *the Surprizall*, a play by Sir Robert Howard. At p. 184, *Macpherson*, a tragedy by Lodowick Carlell, printed in 1694, a translation or adaptation from Corneille's play of the same name. At p. 301, the *Mad Couple*, a comedy by Richard Brome, 1653. And so on. But Lord Brougham has illustrated his author with taste and judgment, and we have much more to be thankful for than to complain of.

Memoirs and Adventures of Sir William Kirkaldy on and among of George Blacklock. This is a very interesting and vivid grouping of history round a single figure than is painted in this volume. From the latest days of James V. to the final catastrophe of his unfortunate daughter's cause, the fall of Edinburgh Castle, and the execution of George, and others of its brave defenders, on the 3rd of August, 1573, it is a panorama of strife and bloodshed, treachery and civility, rapine, ruthlessness, murder, butchery, laughter, and suffering, hardly to be contained in any of the distances of time, without emotions of pity and feelings of horror. "Alas, poor Scotland!" and unhappy Queen!—the sport and prey of the most relentless factions of savage or unprincipled men—born by religious fanaticism—ravaged by steel-clad feudal ambition—every life of kindred broken—every one a turbulent scene of civil war and devastation—what a fearful state of existence is displayed by the frightful biography of Sir William Kirkaldy, the acknowledged hero of the age in which he lived. For a long while the friend and associate of John Knox, he became the champion of the imprisoned Mary, and fought for her to the last against the crooked policy and corruptions of Elizabeth, the strength of Leirick, who was slain, and the turpitude and cruelty of Morton, who triumphed over him, and sent him to a ghastly death. The whole story is one of the most striking romances, and the reflex of an age of which battle was the pastime, human life the worthless toy, plotting villainy the business, revenge the malice, and dissolution the harvest. The very name of Kirkaldy has perished from the family registers of Scotland. How it became extinct this book tells in glowing language, and partakes throughout of the popular character which has made the adventures of Wallace, Wigham, such a favourite with readers of every class and all times. *The Fairy Nymphs* by Mrs. Sherwood. Lewis. A crowd of two counties, the one sandy and the other slightly arid, who is recovered to a thorough release of religious faith and dependency, through a story of the usual construction. *Ed. L. G.*

How to Spend a Week Happily. By Mrs. Bunbury. Darton and Co. One of the grand juvenile book, amidst a number of the graceful and excellent lessons for good, there are examples of evil in the young, and of error and vice in the old, (parents, too,) which never can be beneficial for children to read or understand.

Hearts are Trumps.—By J. Hanray. Bogue. The writer enters the lists as comrade with a numerous squadron already jostling in the field, so as to distress each other, and perplex the wide class of readers for the nonce—i. e., for the hour or half hour in rail carriage, or similar ennui. Some of them have tired us, and new ditto's would wear us out. This is not a hit.

Fardorougha, the Miser. By William Carleton. Sims and M'Intyre.

A volume for the series of the *Parlour Library*; a striking and deeply affecting reprint of an author, whose pictures of Ireland possess as large a degree of character and force as any which have issued from the high talent of that country in our time. The Miser is a very interesting example of these qualities, and a dramatic and touching story.

Sketches: Joseph Lancaster.—William Allen. By H. Dunn. Houlston & Stoneman; Gilpin.

THE biographies of two individuals—one who distinguished himself in the cause of education, and the other no less distinguished in the cause of philanthropy. They are written in the spirit of a follower or disciple, and will be welcome generally, but especially to those who are of the same way of thinking. *Kit Bam's Adventures: or, The Yarns of an Old Mariner*. By Mary Cowden Clarke. Grant and Griffith.

EMBEELLISHED by George Cruikshank, we have here a capital set of Sailors' Yarns, in which no limit is put to the imagination, and yet a great number of remarkable facts in the way of useful knowledge are amusingly brought forward and illustrated. Many of the descriptions are exceedingly picturesque, and often poetical without sacrificing truth; and as for the adventures, they remind us of Crusoe and Sinbad, and other veritable travellers, who saw so much of the world, and were liberal in communicating their information to a grateful public.

Authorised Street Preaching proposed as a Remedy for our Social Evils. By a Country Parson. Bell. A strange proposition, that neglecting, or at least alternating with their churches, the clergy of the Church of England should go forth to preach in streets, on commons, and by hedgerows in roads and lanes. There is everything so incongruous in the pamphlet that we cannot help noticing it. When it is scarcely possible to preserve the interior of Churches from outrage and desecration; you would go out to court them in unsanctified and unprotected public places. You would compete with Ranters in collecting mobs and requiring the interference of police. You would revive the tub and its troubles and ludicrous associations. You would one day be the respected and dignified occupant of the pulpit, addressing a pious and attentive congregation, and on the next the outside mountebanking haranguer of a disorderly crowd, with perhaps a street organ to match. From the solemn to the ridiculous is indeed but a step. But the practice would be worse than absurd—it would be of evil consequences. With it, farewell to the holy and wholesome influence of the clergy, the discipline of the church, the efficacy of its teaching. From such apostles, O protect it, and the land we live in!

Le Livre des Noms, ou le petit Assistant Français. By Mlle. Cordie. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Hughes.

THIS is a very tiny book, but a very useful one, containing all the French nouns well arranged, and the English sense attached to them. We recommend it cordially to all learners of the language, and as a corrective, where gender or termination is doubtful, to those who are generally so well acquainted with it as to be able to write it fluently; though with an occasional misgiving.

Memoir of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester.—2nd Series. Vol. VIII. Weale.

A most creditable evidence to the intellectual pursuits of Manchester. There are brains in the midst of cotton bales, and genius at work among the spinning jennies. The few concluding pages by Dr. Holme, on Ancient Sculpture, to the time of Phidias, and the charges against that immortal artist, are exceedingly interesting; but the more scientific contents are of a high quality.

Historical Essays.—By Lord Mahon. Parts 1. 2. Murray.

THESE essays upon Joan of Arc, the Marquis of Montrose, Frederick the Second, and some miscellaneous have already become standards in the Polite Literature of England, and helped to raise their author to the eminence on which he now stands. To offer criticism upon them now would be * * *

On the Influenza, or Epidemic Catarrhal Fever of 1847-8. By T. B. Peacock, M.D. Chrobil.

FOLKS are frightened about the cholera; but they have much more cause to take heed of this influenza; and the public is much indebted to the experienced author of this work, for the light he has thrown upon it, and advice for its treatment. The various forms of the fever require most diligent and accurate observation; and both practitioners and patients will be benefited by attention to this able exposition.

The Happy Home.—Bogue.

A SINCERE, how far likely to be an efficient address to the working classes we cannot tell. It contains a great deal of matter, in a cheap and small compass, all tending to enforce intellectual and religious improvement.

Abbott's Second English Reader. Taylor, Walton, and Maberly.

THE latter is a new name added to the firm, but not otherwise than favourably known, we believe, to the judgment and enterprise of "the Trade." At any rate, if we may take this volume in proof of the "judgment" exercised in publishing, we would give it our decided verdict as one of the best productions of this kind that have come under our cognizance.

Bentley's Cabinet Library.

RUNS on its course with great spirit and attraction. Our delightful *Sam Slick* gives us his second series in one pretty volume, and his third in another. The fourth is the *Chinese Legends*, by T. T. T. (Tea, Tea, Tea?); and the nine stories of the Porelain Tower do not lose on reappearance. The last, vol. v., is *The Star*, and a pleasant variety of subject from the preceding four.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE following—from the proceedings of the Royal Society (Bakerian Lecture, see our last number)—is an abstract of Dr. Faraday's "Experimental Researches in Electricity," (twenty second series.) On the Crystalline Polarity of Bismuth and other bodies, and on its relation to the Magnetic form of Force.

The author states, that in preparing small cylinders of bismuth by casting them in glass tubes, he had often been embarrassed by the anomalous magnetic results which they gave; and that having determined to investigate the matter closely, it ended in a reference of the effects to the crystalline condition of the bismuth, which may be thus briefly stated: If bismuth be crystallized in the ordinary way, and then a crystal, or a group of symmetric crystals, be selected and suspended in the magnetic field between horizontal poles, it immediately either points in a given direction, or vibrates about that position, as a small magnetic needle would do; and if disturbed from this position, it returns to it. On re-suspending the crystal, so that the horizontal line, which is transverse to the magnetic axis, shall become the vertical line, the crystal then points with its maximum degree of force. If it be again re-suspended, so that the line parallel to the magnetic axis be rendered vertical, the crystal loses all directive force. This line of direction, therefore, which tends to place itself parallel to the

magnetic axis, the author calls the *Magnecrystalline axis* of the crystal. It is perpendicular, or nearly so, to the brightest and most perfect of the four cleavage planes of the crystal. It is the same for all crystals of bismuth. Whether this magnecrystalline axis is parallel or transverse to the magnetic axis, the bismuth is in both cases repelled from a single or the stronger pole, its diamagnetic relations being in no way affected. If the crystal be broken up, or if it be fused and re-solidified, and the metal then subjected to the action of the magnet, the diamagnetic phenomena remain, but the magnecrystalline results disappear, because of the confused and opposing crystalline condition of the various parts. If an ingot of bismuth be broken up, and fragmentary plates selected which are crystallized uniformly throughout, these also point the magnecrystalline axis being, as before, perpendicular to the chief plane of cleavage, and the external form, in this respect, of no consequence.

The effect takes place when the crystal is surrounded by masses of bismuth, or when it is immersed in water or solution of sulphate of iron, and with as much force apparently as if nothing intervened. The position of the crystal in the magnetic field is affected by the approximation of extra magnets or of soft iron; but the author does not believe that this results from any attractive or repulsive force exerted on the bismuth, but only from the disturbance of the lines of force or resultants of magnetic action, by which they acquire as it were new forms; and, as the law of action which he gives, is, that the line or axis of magnecrystalline force tends to place itself parallel, or as a tangent, to the magnetic curve or line of magnetic force, passing through the place where the crystal is situated, so the crystal changes its position with any change of direction in these lines.

A common horse-shoe magnet exhibits these phenomena very well: the author worked much with one lifting 90 lbs. by the keeper, but one that can raise a pound or two only is sufficient for many of the actions. When using the electro-magnet, the advantage of employing poles with large plane opposed faces is mentioned as being considerable, for their diamagnetic phenomena are almost or entirely avoided and peculiar magnecrystalline relations then appear.

The peculiar forces exerted in these phenomena is not either attractive or repulsive, but has for its distinctive character the tendency to place the crystal in a definite position or direction. The author further distinguishes it from that described by M. Plucker in his interesting memoir upon the repulsion of the optic axes of crystals by the poles of a magnet, in that, that is an equatorial force, whereas that is an axial force.

Crystals of antimony were then submitted to a similar magnetic examination, and with the same results. But there were also certain other effects produced of arrest and revulsion, the same in kind as those described in a former series of the 'Experimental Researches' (par. 2309, &c.): these are wrought out and eliminated, and the results described.

Antimony also proved to be a body capable of pointing in the magnetic field, like bismuth and antimony. The paper describing the foregoing results is dated 23rd of September, 1848. In a later paper of the date of 20th October, 1848, the author continues his researches: Native crystals of iridium and osmium, and also crystallized titanium and tellurium, appeared to be magnecrystalline: crystals of zinc, copper, tin, lead, gold, gave no signs of this condition. Crystals of sulphate of iron are very strongly affected by the magnet according to this new condition, and the magnecrystalline axis is perpendicular to two of the planes of the rhombohedral prism, so that when a long crystal is employed, it will not, as a mass, point between the poles, but across the line joining them. On the other hand, the sulphate of nickel has its magnecrystalline axis parallel, or nearly so, to the length of the ordinary prism. Hence bodies, both diamagnetic and magnetic, may be distinguished by the Repulsion of the Optic Axes. *Annalen, lxxii, Oct. 1847, or Taylor's Memoirs, vol. v. p. 353.*

magnetic and diamagnetic, are, by their crystalline condition, subject to the magnetic force, according to the law already laid down. Diamond, rock-salt, fluor spar, boracic, red oxide of copper, oxide of tin, cinnabar, galena, and many other bodies, presented no evidence of the magnecrystalline condition.

The author then enters upon a consideration of the nature of the magnecrystalline force. In the first place he examines closely whether a crystal of bismuth has exactly the same amount of repulsion; diamagnetic or other, when presenting its magnecrystalline axis, parallel or transverse to the lines of magnetic force acting on it. For this purpose the crystal was suspended either from a torsion balance, or as a pendulum thirty feet in length; but whatever the position of the magnecrystalline axis, the amount of repulsion was the same.

In other experiments a vertical axis was constructed of cocoon silk, and the body to be examined was attached at right angles to it as radius; a prismatic crystal of sulphate of iron, for instance, whose length was four times its breadth, was fixed on the axis with its length as radius and its magnecrystalline axis horizontal, and therefore as tangent; then, when this crystal was at rest under the torsion force of the axis, an electro-magnetic pole with a conical termination was so placed, that the axial line of magnetic force should be, when exerted, oblique to both the length and the magnecrystalline axis of the crystal; and the consequence was, that, when the electric current circulated round the magnet, the crystal actually receded from the magnet under the influence of the force, which tended to place the magnecrystalline axis and the magnetic axis parallel. Employing a crystal or plate of bismuth, that body could be made to approach the magnetic pole under the influence of the magnecrystalline force; and this force is so strong as to counteract either the tendency of the magnetic body to approach or of the diamagnetic body to retreat, when it is exerted in the contrary direction. Hence the author concludes that it is neither attraction nor repulsion which causes the set or determines the final position of a magnecrystalline body.

He next considers it as a force dependent upon the crystalline condition of the body, and therefore associated with the original molecular forces of the matter. He shows experimentally, that, as the magnet can move a crystal, so also a crystal can move a magnet. Also, that heat takes away this power just before the crystal fuses, and that cooling restores it in its original direction. He next considers whether the effects are due to a force altogether original and inherent in the crystal, or whether that which appears in it, is not partly induced by the magnetic and electric forces; and he concludes, that the force manifested in the magnetic field, which appears by external actions and causes the motion of the mass, is chiefly, and almost entirely induced, in a manner subject indeed to the crystalline force and additive to it; but as the same time exalting the force and the effects to a degree which they could not have approached without the induction. To this part of the force he applies the word *magneto-crystalline*, in contradistinction to magnecrystalline, which is employed to express the condition or quality or power which belongs essentially to the crystal.

The author then remarks upon the extraordinary character of the power which he cannot refer to polarity, and gives expression to certain considerations and views which will be best learned from the paper itself. After this, he resumes the consideration of Plucker's results "upon the repulsion of the optic axes of crystals" already referred to, and arrives at the conclusion that his results and those now described have one common origin and cause. He then considers Plucker's results in relation to those which he formerly obtained with heavy optical glass and many other bodies. In conclusion, he remarks, "How rapidly the knowledge of molecular forces grows upon us, and how strikingly every investigation tends to develop more and more their importance and their extreme attraction as an object of study." A few years ago magnetism was to us an occult power effecting only a few bodies; now it is found to in-

fluence all bodies, and to possess the most intimate relations with electricity, heat, chemical action, light, crystallization; and, through it, with the forces concerned in cohesion; and we may, in the present state of things, well feel urged to continue in our labours, encouraged by the hope of bringing it into a bond of union with gravity itself." *Ann. Mag. Nat. Hist. 1849, vol. lxxii, p. 353.*

Nov. 20th.—Sir H. De la Beche in the chair. Read 1st, "On Fossil Plants from the Anthracite Formation of the Alps of Savoy," by Mr. Bunbury. In 1828, Ellis de Beaumont announced that at Petit Cour, in the Tarentaise, beds of black schist, full of impressions of ferns and other plants identical with those of the coal formation, were found interposed between beds of limestone containing belemnites, and forming with them only one geological deposit, which he referred to the lias. M. A. Brongniart subsequently described the plants, and found seventeen identical with carboniferous species, and only two peculiar. Mr. Bunbury, when in Italy last summer, examined the collection of plants from the Tarentaise, in the Museum at Turin. The specimens are converted into a silver-white talc, which gives them a very beautiful appearance, but with the frequent distortion renders them difficult of determination. He could distinguish only fourteen forms, of which nine were ferns, two decidedly identical with, and four closely resembling characteristic coal-measure species: two *cladites*, one certainly a coal plant—and three *annularias*, of which one is distinctly, and two are probably also found in the coal measures. In 1810, Sir H. De la Beche observed impressions of ferns and other plants in the schistose beds of the Col de Balme, near Chamounix. The beds there belong to the same formation as those in the Tarentaise, and the plants generally correspond. Among them was a *Neuropteris*, perfectly agreeing with specimens from Pennsylvania and Cape Breton. There seems thus no doubt that plants considered characteristic of the coal measures are here associated with animal remains like those of the lias, in strata alternating with each other. Several theories have been formed to explain this fact. Mr. Horner supposed that the coal plants had survived into the Liasian period, but it is well known that the intermediate formations have very distinct vegetations. M. Brongniart believed them to have been drifted here from some other region; but it is difficult to imagine that in this case they should have been confined to only one locality, and the plants are also too well preserved to have been drifted far. M. Michelin supposed that the belemnites might not be confined to the newer formations, but that a species might have lived even in the carboniferous epoch.

2nd, "On the Geology of the Neighbourhood of Oporto, including the Silurian, Coal, and Slates of Vellongo," by Mr. Sharpe. The town of Oporto stands on a band of granite four or five miles wide, on which mica slate and gneiss rest on both sides. To the eastward, these rocks are overlaid by a band of sedimentary rocks, chiefly claystone, which commencing on the coast about thirty miles north of Oporto, runs down and crosses the Douro about sixteen miles above that town. To the south of Vellongo, the slates overlie a deposit of anthracite in several beds, some of them from four to six feet thick. This coal is now worked in several pits, and principally sent to Oporto. Along with it are beds of red sandstone, and black carbonaceous shales, with vegetable impressions too indistinct to be determined, but strongly resembling ferns of the coal measures. In the shales above this coal Mr. Sharpe found many fossils, orthis, trilobites, and graptolites, most of them new species, but others well known in the lower Silurian rocks of Northern Europe. It would thus appear that the coal deposits of Oporto are included in the Silurian formations, and are thus far below the usual level of the coal. Similar claystones and sandstones have been described near Anarante, where they form the celebrated wine district of the Upper Douro. The boundary between the granite and the slates is also the exact limit to the cultivation of the finer qualities of port wine.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

November 20th.—W. Allen Miller, M.D., in the chair.—A letter was read from Mr. A. Phillips, of Putney College, stating that, having perused Mr. Vaux's paper on Coal, in the "Transactions" of the Society, in which he gives a list of coals containing traces of copper and lead, he had been induced to repeat the examination of the ashes of the coals which had formed the subject of the Admiralty coal investigation; but in no instance had he been able to detect the slightest trace of the presence of those metals. The ashes examined were from three varieties of Newcastle, four of Liverpool, four of Scotch coal, five Welsh, an anthracite from Ireland, and a Chilian variety. Mr. Phillips mentions that he found ordinary distilled water to contain traces of metallic salts.

"Analysis of Black Ash, Soda Ash, &c.," by Frederick Muspratt, Esq.—These analyses were undertaken for the purpose of ascertaining the exact quantities of materials that should be employed for the production of the best result. Correct data for this purpose could only be arrived at by ascertaining the composition of these products. The author describes the methods of analysis adopted; and, from the results, considers that black ash, besides the carbonate of soda, contains a double salt of sulphide of calcium and lime, which is insoluble in water, whereas sulphide of calcium itself is soluble; and that the carbonates generally employed may be dispensed with, as the access of air performs all that is required.

"On the Analysis of the Ashes of some Esculent Vegetables," by Mr. Thornton J. Herapath.—The author having dwelt upon the methods of analysis in a former communication to the Society, confined himself in this paper to a detailed statement of the amounts of ash obtained, and the composition of this in 100 parts. The ashes of the following vegetables were submitted to analysis: Scurry-grass, celery, sea-kale, asparagus, cauliflower, kidney-bean, onion, common white garden turnip, Swede turnip, beet, radish, carrot, parsnip, potato. The following general conclusions are deduced by the author from these analyses:—1. That the inorganic constituents differ both in proportion and composition in each of the crops examined. 2. That cultivation can modify and control the assimilative powers of plants for certain inorganic substances to a very considerable extent. 3. That the principal and by far the most important constituents of root crops are the alkalies, potash and soda, which occur for the most part free, and the remainder in combination with sulphuric and phosphoric acids. 4. That in the potato, the lime, except in one instance, is greatly exceeded in quantity by the magnesia; sometimes, even in the proportion of three to one. 5. That the alkaline chlorides are present, in greater or smaller quantity, in all the crops examined. 6. That in all young succulent shoots, as in root crops, the alkalies and alkaline salts greatly exceed in quantity the insoluble earthy and metallic salts.—The author concludes his paper by a table showing the relative value of different manures required for a ton weight of the fresh vegetable, given in pounds avoirdupois.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, Dec. 7.—The Rev. G. Ainslie, M.A., of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, was admitted, *ad eundem*; and the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. A. H. Wilmington Ingram, Christ Church; Rev. S. Henshaw, University; Rev. J. Jenkins, Jesus; H. G. W. Sperling, Oriel.

Bachelors of Arts.—A. R. P. Venables, Exeter, Grand Compounder; J. C. Patterson, R. Ward, Balliol; H. J. Turrell, Lincoln; H. B. Burton, Oriel; C. S. Aitken, St. John's.

Bachelor of Music.—E. G. Monk, Exeter.

Cambridge, Dec. 6.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Master of Arts.—Lord R. Montagu, Trinity College.

Doctor of Medicine.—J. Abercrombie, Caius College.

Doctor of Music.—W. R. Boxfield, Trinity College.

Bachelor of Laws.—R. N. Phillips, Christ's College.

Bachelor of Medicine.—T. Denne Hilton, Caius College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Constable, Trinity College; M. A. Leicester, St. John's College; W. Woodward, Catherine Hall.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Dec. 2nd.—Professor Wilson, the director, in the chair. The learned professor read a paper of considerable interest, relative to the progress which has been made of late years by that portion of the native Indian printing-press which was wholly unconnected with Europeans, either as writers or patrons—a progress which might be fairly taken as an exponent of the advance made by the Indian mind. He observed, that the establishment of a press in Bengal was a circumstance of so old a date that it was now universally known, though the public was scarcely aware to what extent its operations had been multiplied. He would merely say that, in the city of Calcutta, five newspapers were printed in Persian or Hindustani, nine in the Bengali language, and two in English, edited by natives; and that editions of *Memoirs*, of the *Bhagavat*, and of other celebrated works, as well as a host of smaller and less respectable publications, in the Bengali language, had been produced there as matters of private speculation. One of the strongest instances of the diminution of prejudice in India was the issue of Hindustani translations of the Koran, which the Moslems, from the age of Mahomed, had held to be too holy to admit of translation, but which must be read and studied in the original text alone. A proposition, made a few years ago, to prepare a translation of the volume, was unanimously rejected by the doctors of India; but, at the present time, more than one Hindustani version was in the hands of the Mahomedan population. The activity of the other presses of India, being less generally known, was mentioned more in detail. The printers of Delhi have been the most forward in the work of publication: they have issued translations of Mills' "Political Economy," of Macnaghten's "Indian and Mahomedan Law," of Dr. Royle's "Productive Resources of India," of Arnott's "Elements of Natural History," and of several systems of algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and of the "Differential and Integral Calculus;" they have also produced translations of several English historical works. Eastern literature, too, has had its share of attention, evinced by the editions, or Hindustani translations, of the "Life of Timur," of the "Thousand and One Nights," of "Abulfeza," of the abridged "Shah Nameh," and of celebrated native treatises on astronomy and mathematics, as well as by the issue of many elementary works, showing the activity of the native publishers, and calculated to spread useful knowledge among the people of Upper India. A Persian manuscript list of the books published in Delhi and Bareilly, with an English translation, by Mr. Dowson, was laid before the meeting; and from this it appears that at the oldest press, which was established at Delhi in 1837, besides a newspaper, between seventy and eighty works had been printed, among which were three editions of the Koran, (one of which contained the Arabic text, as well as the Urdu translation;) editions of the "Gulistān," in Persian and Urdu; the "Bagh o Bahār," the "Sujar ul Mutakherin," parts of the "One Thousand and One Nights," the poems of Motanabbi, several grammatical and scientific works in Arabic, translations of English treatises on geometry, algebra, arithmetic, trigonometry, astronomy, &c.; several histories of England, and histories of Rome, India, Persia, and Afghanistan. At another press, established in 1844, nearly sixty works had been printed, including a Koran and several classics. At another, begun in 1845, twenty-one works had been printed, and eleven were described as in the press. At one, called the Royal Press, we find a list of six publications, of which two are of royal authorship, and two are Korans, one of which is accompanied by an Urdu translation. Other presses of Delhi, more recently established, have also been in full activity. The press at Bareilly began operations so lately as 1847, but has already sent out ten publications, comprising the departments of history, poetry, and science, in the Arabic, Persian, and Urdu languages. As examples of native industry and skill in a novel branch of employment, these works are extremely interesting.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Council Meeting, 13th Dec.—After the election of associates, a very remarkable wooden cup or chalice was exhibited by Miss Cresswell, bearing the date 1608. It was bought at the sale of Captain Hickman's property, in the parish of East Barnet, Hertfordshire, about the year 1829, by Mr. James Sell, of Winchmore Hill, whose property it now is. Communications respecting this cup or chalice, were laid before the Council from the Rev. R. Cresswell and the Rev. Beale Poste. Mr. M. A. Lower, of Lewes, exhibited a small bronze figure of St. Michael or St. George and the Dragon, of the fifteenth century, originally part of a key; also a small brass Roman statuette lately found at Lewes, and an object in bronze found on the Wiltshire downs, which he conjectures to be a Celtic fibula. Mr. Goddard Johnson, of Norwich, sent for inspection a large collection of stone and bronze Celts, fibulae, and various other antiquities. Mr. Jesse King exhibited a collection of pottery from Abingdon, and a Mr. G. C. Rawlence, an impression from a seal of the fourteenth century, inscribed VERBA SALUTIS AVE, round an antique intaglio. Mr. Syer Cumming made a communication on crystals of argyry or divination. Mr. Clarke, of Easton, forwarded an impression of a silver gilt ring, found recently at Hemstead in Essex; and Mr. Wire, of Colchester, transmitted an account of Roman remains recently discovered there. Mr. Solby and Mr. White furnished particulars of recent discoveries made in St. Stephen's churchyard, near St. Albans, by Mr. Southwell, the vicar, of a hexagonal glass jar, which contained bones and ashes; four earthenware Roman vases, a lamp, and several pieces of red pottery, with a glass bottle, similar to what are called lacrymatories, only larger. St. Stephen's churchyard is about half-a-mile from Verulam, and by the side of the Watling-street. Mr. Gould's communication respecting the manner of making iron in Sussex in 1674 was laid on the table. And Mr. Gomonde, of Cheltenham, submitted to the inspection of the meeting a fibula found at Kileronagh, county of Londonderry, which had given rise to some discussion at the last public meeting. The secretary announced that the Chester committee, for the congress of 1849, had been formed, and consisted of the mayor, as chairman; the Rev. W. B. Marsden, Rev. W. Massey, Dr. Llewellyn Jones, Dr. Phillips Jones, Dr. Davis, Mr. Wardell, Captain Trench, Mr. Jones (architect), Mr. H. Brown, Mr. S. Davies, Mr. George Prichard, Mr. S. Gardner, and Mr. William Ayrton, Hon. Secretary, from whom he had received a series of notes, made during the progress of the excavations now going on in that city, accompanied by drawings of some of the articles discovered.

ARCHEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

The Archaeological Institute, at its monthly December meeting, had several curious relics presented or shown; and among the latter, a Gad-whip, used as a symbol of ancient tenure on Palm Sunday in Castor Church, Lincolnshire, by being cracked thrice over the head of the clergyman on the part of the Lord of Broughton. This custom, so often mentioned in accounts of strange holdings, has, it seems, lately been abolished. Mr. Westmacott read a paper on some monumental tombs found under Gonalston Church, Nottinghamshire. A singular picture from the collection of the Duke of Buccleuch was exhibited by Mr. Farren, and representing, in mediæval style, the genealogy of the family of Wingfield; and a description of the execution of one of the Talbots, as a Lollard accomplice of Sir John Oldcastle, displayed the barbarity of the age in which he was first cruelly put to death, and then pickled in brine—whether for mockery or preservation does not appear. Roman remains in various localities, Swinton Park, Yorkshire, Lincoln, Richborough (already described in the *Literary Gazette* reports of the Archaeological Association), &c., and middle age monuments, together with a pack of satirical cards on bubble companies, were exhibited, and furnished topics for interesting remark to the members of the Institute who were present.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

At the last meeting, Professor Corrie in the chair, the Rev. C. Hardwick proceeded to give a brief but interesting account of, with some curious extracts from, "a satirical poem of the reign of Edward II., from a MS. in the library of St. Peter's College." Of this poem, which consists of seventy-eight stanzas, the principal burden is the misery of the peasantry. The author laments over the wretched condition of the working classes, denouncing both the cruel exactions of the landed proprietors, and the laziness and vices of the monks. Besides attacking these classes, he exposes to ridicule the practice of physicians that "helped men to die." The language is very similar to that of Piers Plowman's Vision, but probably belongs to an earlier period; hence the date of the poem must be before 1350 A.D. From internal evidence, Mr. Hardwick inferred that the poem was probably written between the years 1311-1320 A.D., or in the reign of Edward II. It furnishes us with another illustration, as well of the common language of the period, as of the habits of life and modes of thought that were prevalent among the English people. Professor Willis gave it as his opinion on the Ickleton remains, that though some of the materials were undoubtedly of Roman origin, yet that the arrangement of the house was very different from that of a Roman villa.

COINS AND MEDALS.

THE extensive collection formed by the late worthy magistrate, Mr. W. A. A. White, just sold off by Sotheby and Wilkinson, realised more than 2000*l.*, a very good sum, considering the badness of the times and the total want of foreign commissions for objects of fine arts. Passing over the ancient British, and Anglo-Saxon and English coins, not over remarkable in this cabinet for rarity or preservation, and certainly very unequal to anything in the lately sold Pembroke collection, we were pleased at the favourable prices obtained for various silver Anglo-Gallic pieces of Richard I. (lot 114, at 1*l.* 13*s.*), Edward the Black Prince, and others, usually obtained at 4*l.* to 5*l.* each; an *angelet* of our Henry VI. sold for 10*l.* 15*s.*, (lot 267,) readily obtainable on the Continent at 3*l.*; it was certainly highly preserved, but is not particularly rare. Simon's *Petition Crown* of Charles II., not being fine, only sold for 33*l.* 10*s.*: fine ones have sold for 170*l.* and more; fourteen only are known,—the specimens in the Bodleian Library, the British Museum's, Sir George Chetwynd's, and Mr. C. Bale's, are reckoned the finest. The gold coins of the Kings of Scotland, though in general very well preserved, sold at moderate prices. Amongst the foreign coins a very rare silver *testoon*, struck at Rhodes, of Helion de Villeneuve, a Frenchman, 1319-1346, second Grand Master of the Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, sold for 1*l.* 19*s.* The famed *Sol d'Or*, of which only about twelve authentic specimens are known, of Louis le Debonnaire, often sold at 50*l.* on the Continent, produced 6*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; it is described and engraved in *Le Blanc* and in *Conbrouse*, and weighs 67 grs. troy. A rare *de sol* of Gregory, Duke of Benevento, (739-740,) very fine, and weighing 21½ grs., was purchased for Mr. J. M. Lockyer, a collector highly conversant with mediæval coins in general. The beautiful and scarce Greek coins, in gold, of the celebrated city of Tarentum, brought from 4*l.* 16*s.* to 5*l.* 5*s.* each coin. A fine gold *Aureus*, of Eupator, King of the Bosphorus, was obtained, after much competition, for General Fox, at 6*l.* A rare *½ stater*, in gold, classed in our British Museum Collection amongst the coins of Athens, bearing the owl on one side, with indented square subdivided into various compartments on the reverse, weight 21½ grains, (size, *¾* of Mionnet's scale), was purchased for our Museum, at only 3*l.* 11*s.*; it originally formed part of lot 39 of the Devonshire cabinet, 18th March, 1844, and being (as the whole collection was) very carelessly catalogued, sold for only 17*s.*, including what it a gold coin of Panormus. A very roughly executed gold coin, found at Ohio, (lot 961,) with

convex and concave subdivided squares, no types, sold for 3*l.* 2*s.* This curious but uncertain coin belongs to a very early period, and is probably Indian; with much research its worthy proprietor may perhaps succeed in classifying it, though we much doubt his being able to trace out any letters on this curious and most likely unique coin: it weighs 110 grains, and is of size 2½.

The greatest and most valuable rarity in the whole sale was the fine *Aureus* of Brutus the younger, obverse his portrait, reverse *CASCA LONGVS*, trophy, &c., which was purchased by Mr. Curt for the very moderate sum of 37*l.*; this identical coin formed lot 173 in the Devonshire sale, and then only produced 17*l.* 17*s.* The gold *Sextus Pompey* brought 26*l.* 10*s.* The *Aureus* of Cassius (lot 972) produced but 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; it had cost 9*l.* 5*s.* The Agrippina Senior, in gold, (lot 992,) was knocked down at 8*l.* 15*s.*, a good price indeed. A very fine and rare coin, in gold, of Galla Placidia, worth 6*l.* 6*s.*, sold for 4*l.* 15*s.* In general, the series of gold coins of the Byzantine Emperors were very fine, and deserving of still higher prices than they obtained. Lot 1135, a very fine and very rare *Aureus* of Michael VI., was well worth 5*l.* 5*s.*, and is highly valued, especially in the Levant. A silver coin of Bruttii, very fine, as were all those of the small "trouvaillie" made some years ago, sold for 10*l.*; the price generally demanded in Paris, &c., is 12*l.* A beautiful coin of Terina (lot 1161) brought 6*l.* 6*s.*, a reasonable price; it came from the excellent Thomas Collection—one of the finest and largest ever sold in London.

All the gold coins of the Visigoth kings sold extremely well, (being beautifully preserved and of great rarity,) averaging 3*l.* each coin; many of them seem indited; they were all formerly in the celebrated Bruna Cabinet at Seville. A rare *Æginetan* didrachm, of rather light weight (188½ grs.) according to the standard of the coins of *Ægina*, representing the tortoise, with AIIPI in a sunk square on the reverse, of excellent work and very fine, sold for 5*l.*; it was formerly in the Thomas Cabinet. Such coins are very rare with the fourth letter, I; we expected it to produce 10*l.*

No other important auctions of coins are likely to take place for some months to come, the critical state of affairs on the Continent influencing the numismatic sales everywhere to a vast extent!

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Statistical, 8 p.m.—British Architects, 8 p.m.—Chemical, 8 p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.—Pathological, 8 p.m.—Royal Academy, 8 p.m. (Anatomical lecture).
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 p.m.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—Microscopical, 8 p.m.—Ethnological, 8 p.m.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ p.m.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.—Numismatic, 7 p.m.
Saturday.—Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

ON Saturday last—the anniversary of the foundation—the election of officers for the ensuing year, and the distribution of medals took place. Sir Martin Archer Shee was re-elected president; William Mulready, Sir Richard Westmacott, and Philip Hardwick, auditors, re-elected; Charles West Cope, William Dyce, Edwin Landseer, and Richard Cook, form the new council list. Owing to the continued illness of the president, Mr. Jones, the keeper, took the chair, and delivered silver medals to the following successful candidates:—School of painting, Mr. F. Cowie; drawing from life, Mr. E. Eagles; model from life, Mr. W. Jackson; architecture, first to Mr. George Bidlake, and the second to Mr. C. A. Gould; drawing from the antique, Mr. F. Clark; model from the antique, Mr. J. Kirk. We may remark, in passing, that the subject for the architectural drawings was the front of the Banqueting-house, Whitehall, and that they were beautifully executed,—that many of the crayon drawings display much ability, but that the models did not deserve the medals.

The Preacher. Longman and Co.

We last week thought we had exhausted eulogy on this class of works, so brilliantly got up and embellished in every part. But another and another specimen have succeeded, and are no less beautiful than those that have gone before. "The Preacher" is of a larger size, and magnificently done in black letter and double columns; and the precepts of the wise son of David, King of Jerusalem, are truly set in a casket worthy of them. The graceful and more solid are admirably combined; and there is a harmony in the colours which, considering their gold and brightness, must have been very difficult to attain. The imitation of old wooden boarding is superb. But not even here so fine as in *A Record of the Black Prince*, (same publishers,) where the armorial ornaments have all the effect of matchless undercutting, so deep as to surpass anything we have yet seen. The body of the work, historical with quaint antique illustrations "in little," is another marvel; and we should think likely to be, at least, as popular as any of its competitors. Battles by sea and land, sieges, religious representations, &c., are done in a style of extraordinary art; and for a volume to be remembered as a gift as long hence as its matter is from the date of the Black Prince, we have not met with anything book-like that we should prefer.

ORIGINAL,
AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

FLYING AND NO FAILURE!

OR,

Aerial Transit

ACCOMPLISHED MORE THAN A CENTURY AGO.

BRING

A MINUTE DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF
"A MOST SURPRISING ENGINE,"

Envented, constructed, and used with the greatest success, by Jacob, the son of Mr. John Daniel, of Ruyton, the latter of whom, who surbided his son, died in 1711, aged 97.

REPRINTED VERBATIM

FROM THAT EXCESSIVELY-RARE LITTLE WORK,

"Narrative of the Life and astonishing Adventures of John Daniel, a smith, at Ruyton, in Herefordshire, by the Rev. Ralph Morris."—London, 1781.

"Jacob growing impatient of delay; come, father, now I am mounted on my Eagle, [as he called his machine] says he, you shall see me fly. I would fain have dissuaded him; but he began with his pump handle, and rising gently from the posts, away he went, almost two miles; then working the contrary handle, as he told me, he returned again, and passed by me to the other end of the mountain; then soaring a little as he came near me again; Father, says he, I can keep her up, if you can guide her to the posts. I did so, and he seemed so rejoiced at his flight, and so alert upon it, that perceiving with what ease it was managed, and how readily it went and returned, and he entreating me to take a turn with him, I at last consented. Jacobs having brought me to his wish, opened his trap door in great joy and let me up; then making all fast; father, says he, lie you or sit close to the pump on that side, whilst I work it on this; and seeing me somewhat fearful, don't be afraid, says he, hold by the pump irons, you are as safe here as on the solid earth; then plying his handle, we rose, and away we went."—*Narrative, &c.*, p. 218 & 2.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—On Monday, M. Jullien took his benefit at these concerts, and if it has been difficult to promenade on other evenings, on this it was quite impossible, for the theatre was thronged from floor to ceiling. There was a good selection of music for the occasion, and M. Jullien produced a new quadrille, founded on Scottish airs, and entitled the "Caledonian." It was eminently successful. To-night closes the season of these very agreeable concerts, which are to be terminated, as of old, with a *Bal Masqué*, on Monday, and we are then promised another short season of the *Cirque National* for the Christmas holidays.

Haymarket.—Thursday evening was appropriated to the benefit of Mr. Archoy, the late, and obliging book-keeper of the Haymarket; and we were pleased to see the theatre so well filled. The performances consisted of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, for the first time here, the parts of *Valentine* and *Julia* sustained by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean. Mrs. Kean's *Julia* was a most effective performance, and quite the feature of the revival, which was in other respects, however, well supported by Messrs. Howe, Croswick, Rogers, Wigan, Webster, and Keeley, Miss Julia Bennett, and Mrs. Humby. The *Honeymoon*, also, including Mr. and Mrs. Kean in the cast, as the *Duke Aranza* and *Juliana*, was the after-piece; and we have only to add that the entire performances were extremely gratifying.

St. James's.—Mr. Robert Houdin has recommenced his magical and mysterious soirees, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, with considerable success. He has added many new features to his attractive entertainment, and we are bound to own that we were highly astonished and amused at his dexterity and sleight of hand in all the various tricks he introduced on the occasion of our visit on Thursday evening.

MUSIC.

A Practical Treatise on Musical Composition.—By G. W. Röhmer. Longmans.

A CONCISE, yet not too concise, and full practical exposition of the theory of music, has long, we believe, been considered a desideratum by the musical world; and the diligence and science of the author appear, at last, to have supplied the deficiency in a very satisfactory manner. To assist the teacher and facilitate the studies of those whose genius has to be self-taught, are the objects he has endeavored to accomplish, and as far as this volume goes, we should say with skill and success. The higher lessons for Counterpoint, Fugue, and Canon, are left untouched for another publication; whilst this is addressed to early rules, melody, harmony, the triad, chords, rhythm, and vocal and instrumental composition. On all these the instructions and examples are very clear; and we would therefore cordially recommend the work to the music friends of all our melodious friends.

A brief Outline of Hughes' System of Embossed Music for the Blind.—which will enable them to write it on common writing paper, so as to acquire a correct knowledge of any Musical Instrument, and to sing truly from Notes by reading them with the Finger.

THE notes are formed by the arrangement of two dots, viz., a small dot and a large rough one; all the musical signs, including Angering, are denoted by a short line, with the occasional addition of either dot. To represent the notes, A, is a small dot; B, three small dots close together in an upright position; C, a large dot over a small one; D, two small dots upright; E, a small dot over a large one; F, two large dots upright; and G, a large dot. The other arrangements and complications are laid down in the small outline, whose title we have given above.

The clefs are signified as follows: Treble clef, a large dot over an upright line; bass clef, a large dot under an upright line; tenor clef, a large dot over and under an upright line. Other characters are most ingeniously devised, and the music machine is constructed so as to admit of six staves in a page, with compartments for the formation of all the characters, which, from their great simplicity, can be accurately and expeditiously made by blind children of tender age. To those possessing a talent for composition, the system must prove highly valuable, for, owing to the notes being written in a continuous straight line, and the treble and bass modes written alike, musical ideas may through its means be communicated with ease and rapidity. Thus the infant, as well as the adult blind, may, from their quick perception of sound, become competent to assist in choirs and orchestras of the first-rate order; and possess a never-failing source of pleasurable and profitable amusement. Should any one doubt the correctness

of what has been here advanced, the inventor, who is himself totally blind, offers to convince such of the truth of his assertions; by writing eight bars of any music from their dictation, and afterwards read the passages to them. The matter is exceedingly interesting.

The First Book of the Pianoforte. By E. F. Rimbauld, LL.D., &c. Bell.

THIS is an excellent elementary work from one who, learned as he is in music, has given the beginner simplicity, and not pedantry—whose instructions are plain, and whose practical examples are easy, suitable, and progressive.

VARIETIES.

The Royal Etchings.—As we anticipated in our account of this strange transaction, the case between Her Majesty and Prince Albert, and Messrs. Strange and Judge, has come into a Court of Law, and on Wednesday and Thursday was heard before Sir J. K. Bruce, on a motion of Mr. Strange to dissolve the injunction which had been obtained against him. *Adhuc sub judice lis est*; and as it is so we abstain from remark, only noticing the Solicitor-General's opinion, that if the catalogue had been published, "it would be bought by almost every inhabitant of the country, by all literary persons, by all persons of taste, by those who frequented the fashionable world; in fact, it would be found on the table of every person who took an interest in the events of the day, and in the literature and arts of the country." If this were true, what a sale, No. 1659 of the *Literary Gazette* would have had, when in giving the first account of this action, it (dreamless of impropriety or offence, and still thinking that the Catalogue, alone, without the Sequel of Exhibition and Publication of the Etchings, could not move displeasure in any breast) printed this interesting document as it was recorded in the plea. Yet it did not circulate 500 copies more than its usual complement. After all, the cream of the affair is yet to come, when Mr. Judge shall have put in his affidavits in defence, and explanatory of his share in the business.

Andrew Wilson, Esq., died at Edinburgh, on the 26 ult. He was a member of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Genoa, R.S.A.

New Comet.—Mr. Bond, the director of the Observatory at Cambridge (United States), announces the discovery of a telescopic comet on the evening of Saturday, the 25th of November, at 6h. 30m. It is situated in the constellation Cygnus, and is thus marked: 1848, Nov. 25th, 6h. 57m. A.R. 20h. 35m. 11s.; North declination, 37° 31' 50". Its motion towards the south.

Dr. Bowring, it is stated, has been appointed her Majesty's Consul at Canton.

A House for Shakspeare.—Mr. William Wilson has reprinted, from *Hood's Magazine*, a proposition, the object of which is to secure his dramas for perpetual representation on a national stage, from which they are now all but banished. He wishes the Committee who took the initiative in preserving his house, to continue their exertions for this desirable object; obtain possession of a theatre where it can be carried out, and combine the highest talent in a manager and acting company. It is a noble project, and we should be happy to see it effected. In the meantime, we advise the reading and consideration of Mr. Wilson's honourably earnest pamphlet of eight pages.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Aeland's Liturgia Domestica, third edition, 18mo, cloth, 2s.
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Charles Vernon; a Transatlantic Tale, by Lieut.-Col. Henry Senior, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.

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DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1848.	h. m. s.	1849.	h. m. s.
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AMONG the Almanacs of the season, we have to notice one which gives much information on the subject of Life Assurance, to the various modes of effecting which the *Literary Gazette* has recently directed public attention, and which it purposes to follow up in subsequent Nos. The *Post Magazine* very forcibly dilates on the importance of this great concern to all men who live by their personal efforts, in salaries, professional emoluments, or other sources of profit and income, which must either partially or entirely die with them. In other respects it is a good Almanac, but its list of Assurance Offices is the prominent feature.

Rees' improved *Diary and Almanac*, all the way from Landover, claims our acknowledgment among the very cheap and useful conveniences for the ensuing year. It is very light and neat, and the diary leaves nicely ruled.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMONG the Almanacs of the season, we have to notice one which gives much information on the subject of Life Assurance, to the various modes of effecting which the *Literary Gazette* has recently directed public attention, and which it purposes to follow up in subsequent Nos. The *Post Magazine* very forcibly dilates on the importance of this great concern to all men who live by their personal efforts, in salaries, professional emoluments, or other sources of profit and income, which must either partially or entirely die with them. In other respects it is a good Almanac, but its list of Assurance Offices is the prominent feature.

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